THE ART-UNION.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1847.

THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.

If we have witnessed the completion of this portion of the Palace of the Legislature now erecting with much pride, it is a pride chequered with regret. For to know that we can compete with the skill of past ages by the resources of the present—to see that the English artist requires only liberal employment, and a field into the lists of which he can enter with honourable ambition, to retire from with honourable success; and to witness at the same time that carping spirit of denigration which would wither the laurels he has won, or cripple the means without which no great monumental work can be conducted; do assuredly justify both the feeling we have admitted and the opinions we express. One would imagine the erection of great public works was inconsistent with the existence of free institutions, and that palaces, temples, museums, and public offices never could be worthily constructed, save beneath the sway of absolute monarchs; or that the genius of representative governments was limited in this respect to barracks, granaries, poor-law unions, and the county gaol. For otherwise should we now look upon the Houses of Parliament with the feverish hope they will be completed as becomes a great nation, and feel that hope becoming daily more languid—more fitfully hectic from the fear that the artist will be stinted in his designs by that great nation's small economies? Is Buckingham Palace to be for ever our reproach? Will the National Gallery never sink in the ground? Must our Sovereign be ill lodged, and her comforts cared for by piecemeal, and must we bear the discredit of this with genius, wealth, and mechanical resources equal or superior to those of any other nation at our disposal, and be at the same time beggared by this wasteful spirit of impolitic economy? These remarks may appear harsh, possibly unnecessary, when the expenditure of various public works now executing is considered; but such of our readers as may have noticed the recent indications of certain limitations to be proposed during their completion, will feel that we owe it to them, to the artists engaged, the Arts they follow, and the people by whom and for whom these great works are erected, to do all in our power to prevent a result so injurious to the interests we advocate, and which it is a common duty to defend. We will endeavour to treat the question from high motives, because it is only by these that Art can progress, or Genius hope for reward. What, then, are the principles upon which great public works should be conducted? We answer, the end is to produce the highest work of Art, by the combination of the various resources of Genius, and the employment of the most skilful artisans; and thus to raise buildings which form and refine taste, that call forth talent, give it a fair scope for exercise, and an honourable reward. Now, this can be done only by considering the patronage of Art in its results, and not by calculations as to its cost. For there are but two predominant methods by which we conduct the course of life, and by which we estimate the relative value of all within its sphere—the "Spiritual" and the "Sensual." The former is the subjective action of the soul on matter; the latter is that "material" action which has its origin in the lower objective consideration of all things of which the mind is cognizant. The former leads us to the perception of the "Intellectual True," the "Intellectual Beautiful," and the "Intellectual Good;" the latter to the daily Materialism, the commercial Utilitarian doctrine which denies intrinsic qualities, and affixes to all the operations of the intellect the relative value they may bear only in some scheme of selfish civilization, some narrow code of political economy, or some time-serving theory equally adapted to popular ignorance and personal advantage. Against this latter it is the duty of the educated to strive, and of the poorest to combine. For, whatever of greatness in individual character, or in national progress, can be sought or obtained, must be so sought by raising men to the exercise and the appreciation of their noblest faculties, and not by reducing them to the mere machine, with no happier or higher power than to produce at little cost. This spiritual application of the mind it is from whence the highest and most common pleasures of life proceed; it is on its existence among a people that Art depends, by which Education advances, and without which even Commerce cannot exist. We say Art depends upon this, the right perception of her mission; for the patronage of ignorance enslaves, that of wealth debases, her. Art appears, thus seen, as Greece shorn of her beauty in the hands of the Roman victor; or as the beauty and the majesty of Rome subject to the power, the dominion, and the scorn of the Goths. Let us consider this as applicable to the present question—the Houses of Parliament. Considered by one or the other of the modes we have mentioned, how different were the feelings their destruction occasioned! As the flames rose and careered over the room where the Commons met, memory recalled to some the events which had there occurred. Here, at first, "the poor Commons,"—"his or her Majesty's," as the case might be—with only the dreamy perception of a right to levy taxes, and who had petitioned their Sovereign that some lords and prelates might be sent to assist their consultations, as being themselves incapable of judging; had, at another period, when the days of the "usurping blood of Lancaster" were as a tale that is told, and the power of the Tudors and Stuarts were as spoils in their hands, abrogated the right of that very peerage and destroyed that prelacy for whose counsel they thus sued. Here Charles had come to seize the obnoxious members (in the adjoining chamber Strafford and Laud had pleaded); here, in 1653, Cromwell entered, dismissed the attendants, locked the doors, and made himself, as Protector, the council of a nation upon whose council-chamber was then seen written, "This House to let unfurnished." This room, the cradle of freedom, had witnessed the consummation of regal power, within it had been consolidated and defined its becoming and beneficent limitation. From 1688 to its destruction, of what scenes, what eloquence, had it not been the arena? Here Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke had spoken; here, from 1740, the contentions of successive parties, animated and adorned by the eloquence of Walpole, Windham, Pulteney, Chatham, Burke, Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan, had been fought with the passionate strength of the intellect, and the high-wrought strife of the collision of great minds. To those, therefore, who so witnessed it, the destruction of the old Houses was a mournful sight. One felt as though it were a link broken from the chain which connects the present with the past. The men, indeed, had departed, but here before us had been their scene of action. Death had claimed them; but when you looked around and noted the seats they had occupied, the very books they had used, or listened to the traditional story of their acts and manners, memory so recalled them that the departed spirits became again, as it were, manifest to the eye in the flesh, and seemed once more to animate this scene of their former glory. To others the destruction was a sorrow only as it entailed expense—it would cost so much to rebuild them! Nor were they entirely alone. The same men who built the National Gallery meanly, would have projected the Palace of Parliament miserably; but the nation took fright: it had sufficiently paid for the plastered greatness of Regent-street, and saw no end to the pseudo-economical and shabby extravagance of Buckingham Palace, and though moderate computations for their resuscitation and plans,

> "Sent with a vagrant pass through all the land,"

fell around you "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," a liberal expenditure, a fair competition was resolved upon, and the entire nation joined in the recommendation of the commissioners that the building of the new Houses of Parliament should be intrusted to Mr. Barry. In this feeling, which we have termed the "Spiritual"—the only one which can be truly said to promote Art—the great work was commenced. We now proceed to consider how far the architect has fulfilled his self-sought task; and, this done, we shall next submit to the consideration of our readers, what we believe it to be the interest of every one to demand should be conceded as a principle throughout the completion of these "New Houses."

First, we are to describe what is doing—what has been done. If you enter from Palace-yard you feel in a moment removed from every scene with which you have daily intercourse. A vast pile of building rises before you, fraught with the forms, the types, and symbols of the fifteenth century. The receding lines of arches, opening from court to court, seem to stretch endlessly before the eye. The frontage of nine hundred feet becomes extended, for you cannot wholly disconnect your mind from the masses by which it is surrounded. Here, quarries of stone yet unused indicate the vastness of the operations; there, the lines of railroad, traversing the open space in all directions, lead to the unfinished skeletons of halls down which the sunbeams scarcely penetrate, or up which you gaze in wonder, as though they were the works of a Cyclopean era. Here is the Victoria Tower; observe, it is 80 feet square, it will be 346 feet high; its massive shadows already fall around you; ascend and note how accurately an eyewitness has described it:—"The scene is extraordinary: that which looked so blank and quiet below is here all bustle and startling activity. Twenty carvers are at work, by the light of gas, fashioning enormous bosses at the intersection of a star-shape web of groins—the network of the ponderous stone vault which is suspended over the whole area of the porch, and will carry the floor of the upper chamber."

Two months have elapsed, and the scene is changed: that ponderous stone vault now hangs above you in impressive grandeur, rising from four arches, the altitude of which from the crown cannot be less than 70 feet. Two of these are carriage entrances, and stand free and disengaged, and remind you of those lofty aisles at Cologne, upon which the eye gazes with loving wonder, awe-struck by their graceful majesty and strength. The others, richly decorated with boldly sculptured mouldings, and surmounted by the royal arms and heraldic bearings, form the regal entrances to the House of Lords. Look up: beneath the very spring of the vault there is an artisan apparently completing some decorated portion; how carefully he has passed his hand across its surface! he steps back; for a while he scans what he has

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completed; now, again, how gradually he retraces and refines each line untiringly till this be perfected! In such a manner, and throughout, has this great work been laboured. Around you lie in all directions every proof of this artistic skill and feeling. Coronals, portions apparently of mullions, ribs, and mouldings, richly carved string courses, the graceful finial, or some outlined block into which life and feeling seem being gradually infused, and above all the sculptured works of the modelling-room, arrest you as you pass, not indeed to claim your hurried meed of praise, but to impress you with the witness they will hereafter bear of the spirit of your age, as it subsides into an era of time. Oh you, who slight your artisans, come hither, and study what they have done!

Turn where you will, the impression is the same: a vast plan actively and uniformly completing, earnest labour and its well-organized division, meet you on all sides, and you are not less struck with the greatness of the design than with the resources which the mechanical power and invention of the day alike contribute to facilitate the progress of the work. Enter one of the unfinished corridors and you conceive the extent of the building, by its trackless, unbroken line; pass into another more advanced, you conceive how much time, how much manual labour, must contribute to its completion. Proceed onwards: the decorator has succeeded the workman who finished the rough walls; here Decorative Art first arrests you, and you feel at the first rapid glance it is the fitting opening into the halls—which lead to the "Inner Courts"—of the Palace of the Legislature. We are standing at the "Entrance of the Peers' Lobby to the House of Lords," and will try to describe the effect which it produces:—This may emphatically be termed the Beautiful. You are in the centre of an apartment designed as the entrance to the High Chamber of the Legislature, and conceived in the happiest spirit of poetic truth. Divided into squares by lines of black marble which intersect the brilliant space, and between which the royal motto is repeated, you see a successive series of blue or red tiles bearing the Queen's initials or the royal lion displayed in highly-coloured encaustic tiles; whilst in the centre, within a radiating star cut through by a lozenge of burnished brass, the rose, the well-known symbol of the haughty Tudors, recals the period, to the elaborate architecture of which their lavish taste so much contributed. The roof above you glitters in the richness of pendants boldly carved, gilded squares bearing the national symbols with decorated borders, and foliated enrichments in colour, whilst the spandrils, which rise from the buttresses on each side, are terminated by corbels of demi-angels bearing richly-blazoned shields, surrounded by the Garter and V. R. upon them. The light streams through the deep lustrous hues of stained glass windows, on which are displayed the arms of the peers called to the first Parliament; and these are continued, richly blazoned with mantlings and scrolls on a gold ground, in the compartments of the wall corresponding with them. Three deeply-recessed doorways, leading into different parts of the building, exhibit a similar richness of architectural decoration; the wall near these, and the faces of a series of small ogee arches, are blazoned with the arms of the United Kingdom and those of the six royal lines who have swayed the English sceptre. Thus architecture, heightened by varied polychromatic decoration, and bearing on all sides the chivalrous, historic, and regal symbols of a poetic period, great ages, and of noble races, seems to blend into a grand scene which foreshadows the approach to halls of even nobler state. You question the past of which this hall bears the records, and they tell you of many a noble race whose deeds now faintly fall upon the ear of Time; but in its proud and wealthy features you seem to foretel the future of that people whose history and historic traditions, thus still poetically recalled, revive many a theme of the historian's page, the statesman's panegyric, and the bard's lay. The south door, which opens into the chamber of the Lords, is a burnished gem of artistic and architectural design. The gates are entirely of brass, and consist of two wings divided by mullions and pierced with arches having floriated quatrefoils in the angles. Upon these the rose, shamrock, and thistle, and the royal crown, are clustered at intervals, and a broad band of brass, which divides each gate, bears upon it the "*Dieu et mon Droit*" of the Sovereign, which here seems appropriately with the other accessories to attest the junction of the two great powers of the realm—the legislative and the regal. As the gates unfold you pass into a vestibule, dark with the gloom of rich velvet hangings; a little further, you are in the House of Lords, before the bar, fronting the throne. We believe we shall not err in stating this to be the finest palatial room, of Gothic architecture, in Europe. It exhibits what we hold every room belonging to a building destined to possess an historic character should—the combination of symmetry of form with chastened and appropriate richness of decoration, and details which throughout are the symbolic record of the national purpose for which it was erected. It is 90 feet in length, 45 in breadth, and of the same height. The ceiling is divided by massive beams, intersected by mouldings, forming lozenge-shaped compartments; the general ground of rich blue, bordered with red and gold, and bearing on its surface royal monograms and cognizances, and emblems of regal power, symbols of religion, and the executive office of the state, all elaborately worked, and set within ribs of burnished gold which traverse the entire lofty space. Where the beams are joined, the massive pendants are carved to represent crowns, and midway there are a coronal and bosses similarly carved to represent roses in the under surface, the whole enriched by gold and various colours. Nor can we here allow to pass unnoticed the exquisite taste displayed. Those parts of the mouldings in each compartment which may be considered as its physical form have been gilt, but the receding portions are relieved with amber paint: thus effect is heightened, the graceful outline is firmly but without harshness impressed upon the eye, and colour is mellowed into a rich transparent hue, being seen, as it were, diffused in light. The east and west walls are occupied by six windows to be filled with stained glass, the central parts of the figures depicted upon which alone admit the chief white lights, and thus present a brilliant diamond surface set in hues of the richest local colour. The piers between the windows have canopied niches to hold bronze statues of the Magna Charta barons, models for two of which, by Mr. Thomas, are at present erected. At both ends of the room are three arched recesses, within the enclosed space of which frescoes will be painted, the central niche over the throne being now filled with 'The Baptism of Ethelbert,' by Mr. Dyce. It has much of the luminous beauty inherent to fresco, and, if not equal to some recently executed at Munich in richness of colour, it is greatly superior to them in truth and propriety of treatment.

But it is the throne which necessarily attracts attention; and never was royalty more becomingly enthroned. A man of less accurate taste than Mr. Barry would, in this case, have relied upon the upholsterer, whose efforts might perchance be directed to produce one

> "which far outshone
> The wealth of Ormus and of Ind;"

but the architect, to whom harmony of effect is a feeling, knows that, like Truth when dressed in pompous phrases, Beauty also is deprived of half her attributes when arrayed in meretricious forms. The throne, therefore, here is only a portion of the room, the local effect of which is more heightened, so as to make it the leading feature of the scene, and towards which all the other compartments converge as to a centre. For the Beautiful consists not in the excellence of any one portion, or in the elegance of a few, but in the general uniformity and relative symmetrical development of all, whether in the creations of the fancy and the imagination, the realms of Nature, or the plastic works of Art.

The canopy to the throne has three divisions: the centre, deeply recessed, for the Queen; on the right the chair of the Prince of Wales; on the left that of the Prince Albert. The back is exquisitely panelled, decorated with the lions passant of England and the royal arms; the heraldic bearings of the Prince of Wales and those of Prince Albert displayed according to the custom of the German reigning houses. The ceiling is divided into small panels, on which the red rose is painted within rays of white and gold; and in the elaborate canopy, which seems to crown the throne beneath, figures on pedestals are introduced, representing knights (St. George the patron saint in the centre) on whose shields are emblazoned the emblems of the orders of the Garter, Bath, Thistle, and St. Patrick; the niches in which they stand being formed of ogee-moulded arches quatrefoiled. The whole is carved in oak, elaborately gilt, and is strictly symbolical of the Sovereign's race, power, and estate. We could not, as we gazed upon these insignia of the noble races of a great nation, but recal the eloquent exordium of Lord Chief Justice Crew, in the contest relative to the noble family of De Vere, equally applicable to our own Royal House, and which we insensibly repeated as we stood before this throne, and felt that, let moralists declaim as they may, there is greatness, there is pride, there is honour, in nobility of descent. "I have laboured to make a covenant with myself, that affection may not press upon judgment, for I suppose there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry, or nobleness, but his affection stands to the continuance of so noble a name and house, and would take hold of a twig or twine thread to uphold it. And yet time hath its revolutions: there must be a period and an end to all temporal things, *finis rerum*, an end of names and dignities, and whatever is terrene, and why not of De Vere: for where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more, and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality. And yet, let the name and dignity of *'the Throne'* stand so long as it pleaseth God." Round the other sides of the room, below the windows and the galleries, the walls are covered with panelling of the diaper pattern. Along the course of this are pillars surmounted by corbels carved into busts of the Kings of England, and the surface of the canopy beneath the gallery is gilt and decorated with the arms of the various Lord Chancellors of England and the Sovereigns they served—an excellent medium for enriching and relieving these parts of the room from others more highly decorated, and still recalling its heraldic and historic dignity. From the House of Lords you are ushered into the Victoria Lobby, a room remarkable no less for its architectural beauty than for combining in its decoration alone, space for the genius of the painter, the sculptor, and the most elaborate carver in wood. We know not which most to admire. The ceiling displays the same bold compartments, enriched with heraldic insignia in appropriate colours; the light streams through stained glass windows, and falls in rich mellow hues upon the floor; the vacant spaces on the walls are to be filled with fresco paintings; the upright panels beneath the elaborate cresting are destined for portraits in oil of the Sovereigns of England; whilst above the fire-

places are spaces for *basti-rilievi*, carved in oak, representing episodes in the lives of the Queens of England. The fireplaces are elaborately ornamented with *quatrefoils* charged with the arms of the United Kingdom; the sceptre and sword of justice are placed saltire-wise and interleaved.

Such is the manner in which, hitherto, the work at the new Houses of Parliament has been conducted. We will now consider some objections raised, viz.—against their general effect—the delay and the expense of their completion; and next place before our readers our views of what we feel to be alike due to the people and the claims of Art. First, as to their effect. It is objected, this is too ecclesiastic; that the House of Lords has a monastic rather than a palatial or domestic character. We suspect the objection raised is not precisely understood by its mooters. Effects must follow causes; to obviate the effect you must remove the cause. The style of architecture adopted is that chiefly employed in past ages for ecclesiastic or monastic purposes. But, if you erect a palace in this style, its form will differ from a cathedral raised with a special purpose, and with symbolic divisions, only in these respects: for its great features, the clustered columns, the decorated windows, rich foliated tracery, the long receding line of arches, and cloistered courts will remain the same. The differences observable will be those essential to the palace, *quoad* the cathedral; yet effect must, at times, assimilate. Take, for instance, the castles of the period, the palatial residence of the monarch. The massive gateway, dimly-lighted corridor, the banqueting hall and chapel, all differ in form, and thus awaken varied impressions, but are not their architectural elements essentially the same? Do not they enter into and form the same organic combination, if the gateway be changed into the western entrance, the corridor into the lofty aisle, or the chapel expand into the grandeur of the cathedral? The difference between monastic and domestic in this respect is ideal, and arises from the reflex action on the mind of elemental properties considered with reference only to their employment. Indeed, an architect limited to a period must seek his resources from the artistic style of that period, even to the minutest decorations; not that these may be servilely copied, but used as Genius does ever—the dead matter to be quickened by the living spirit—the form subjectively adapted, heightened, or harmoniously reproduced. Then, as regards the delay. The Houses were commenced in 1840. We believe the far greater portion, viz., House of Lords and Commons, Victoria Hall, Central Hall, Royal Gallery, and Commons Offices, and other portions, will be greatly advanced, and St. Stephen's Hall almost externally completed, this year. But do those who raise the cry ever inquire as to its justice? To make a speech, or pen a personality, is very easy; but to design a great national building, very difficult. Grant it designed; every square yard must be supervised, every detail accurately considered and delineated; and in such works as those now executing, which blend historical research with artistic knowledge, not only has the architect and the artist to seek for the details required, but the workman to instruct in their completion. We will undertake to say there is not a portion of these details, minute and elaborate as they may be, that has not been submitted to, or designed by, Mr. Barry. We know this to be the fact. Will any one believe, also, that *there* progress can be, *where* elaborate theories of ventilation are to be progressively tested? Theories worked out upon paper, or by popular illustrations, may be readily solved; but theories to be worked in brick and mortar, in flues and air-shafts, are not quite of a so transitory nature. The mind of man naturally yields to necessity, and our wishes soon subside when we see the impossibility of their being gratified. We say this not with reference to any especial system, or any individual, particular or not so, but with respect to the imputations of delay. Make the House of Lords and Commons, if you please, a successive series of ventilating experiments for the advancement of science, utterly and liberally regardless of all expense; but a Ventilator is naturally a reflecting man, time is required to perfect his meditations; do not then arise and cry about delay; it is as reasonable as to hope to limit the duration of eternity, or to gather figs from thistles. Life must be indefinitely prolonged, or stretched to a patriarchal period, to enjoy all such fruitions. We have read of the Arabian magician who had the power of changing every living being into stone; at whose command the river ceased to flow, the waterfall to rush in its strength; beneath which the bird drooped, and all cattle and creeping things stiffened;—such a necromancer is Ventilation. But, so far from delay, the architectural progress of the building is surprising. Judge it by comparison with other works executed by Sir Christopher Wren. St. Paul's was commenced in 1675, and completed in 1710, and thus took 35 years. The repairs and towers to Westminster Abbey alone occupied 25; the steeple of Bow Church, 10; the Monument, 6; whilst St. Peter's at Rome was carried on by twelve architects during a period of 145 years. We may be allowed to mention also the Nelson Column, whose completion seems likely to rival in time the growth of Woods and Forests; and now conclude with the question of cost. And we ask, if the work be fairly and becomingly conducted, is this a question upon which a great nation can or should be stinted in its votes? Has not Art her claims? the artists *generally*, the nation *entirely?*

You selected the architecture of the fifteenth century; complete your buildings in the spirit worthy of the style that century introduced. Remember also its character, and do not lower yours when in competition with this great era of the past. It was a characteristic of that age to labour to spread knowledge and diffuse truth, to encourage Art, extend commerce, to create universal interests and ideas, to refine society, give it security, and ensure progress. It saw the revival of classic literature, and sought to combine the philosophy of the Pagan with Christian culture. Thus it gave to that philosophy a faith, and to literature a spiritual guide. In this age oil-painting developed itself; engraving had not been long invented; printing was discovered. It saw the vision of the birth and the glory of Leonardo da Vinci, of Alberti, of Michael Angelo—the Æschylus of Art, of Raffaelle its Sophocles. Lorenzo, Brunelleschi, Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto, Machiavelli, Boscan, and Garcilasso; Hooker, Montaigne, Tasso, Camoens, Spenser, Lopez de Vega, and Shakspere all witnessed the dawn or dwelt beneath its resplendent light. Let us not, therefore, seek to imitate merely its dead forms, but emulate the living spirit. As these men conceived, so let us strive to execute, greatly, freely, nobly. Between that and the present century there is, in other respects, a great moral affinity. The same impatience of the past, similar desire for freer institutions, and to make specialities disappear, equal excitement for new ideas, equal tendency towards a conventionally refined life, equal irritable energy in the struggle for wealth. Should there not be also similar regard shown by this nation to the artists of the nation, even as Italy evinced towards hers? In what manner can this be done if not by the erection of great public buildings? Is not everything else private patronage for private gain? Does this awaken emulation, encourage or reward ambition to excel, or the love of excellence? Can it create a school of Art, or give it a place in its annals? Can it educate the mind, or refine the taste of the public? And is not this becoming in a Government—desirable in a people? And shall this be forestalled upon the plea the Arts are costly? Why, so are gaols, hospitals, infirmaries, penitentiaries, and systems of transportation. Yet we bear this, that good may ensue. So likewise should we bear for Art. Finally, there is the rightful desire of perpetuating his era by the perception of the eternal in man. Who that has seen the lengthening shadows of the columns which yet adorn the plain of Athens as the sun sets amid its softened hues of many-coloured glory, and has not felt the genius of that people by whom these ruins of the past were raised? Who can gaze upwards on the ruined walls of the Colosseum, as it stands shrouded in massive darkness or arrayed in the majestic dignity which Time imparts and moonlight so much heightens, and not turn with feelings of awe-struck reverence towards the greatness of that people, of whose decline and fall this also is the monument? So let us act that hereafter, when we too shall be numbered among the empires which have been, the traveller from the yet uncultured regions of the earth may take his stand on some broken arch, and sketch the ruins of those public buildings which still speak of our genius by the silent witness of their enduring grandeur.

LETTERS ON LANDSCAPE.

LETTER VII.*

The first minute disturbance of the surface of still and clear water occurs in the wind-ripple. I must continue to call this state of water *still*, as the same amount of wind which is capable of raising the ripple, if continued for a month, would never produce a greater disturbance than that effected at the end of the first fifteen minutes. It is a series of minute seas, driven forward with as much regularity as those on a larger scale, the flexure in the lines of elevation occurring at very small, instead of large, distances.

The ripple is raised on the instant the wind touches the surface, and subsides into as minute a jaugle immediately the wind leaves the spot on which it had alighted.

It sometimes extends over large expanses, and at others continues to visit and retire from spaces no larger than a pocket-handkerchief, as the fitfulness of the soft summer breeze dictates. In this state it presents a very beautiful and striking phenomenon, and I distinctly recollect the pleasure it gave me, even when a child, to speculate on the gradually diminishing wave as it retired from that part most forcibly struck by the wind, until at the verge of its influence the minute lines became too small for vision and too numerous to count, and again subsided into the silvery lustre of a reflected summer sky.

Upon the retiring of the breeze which raised the ripple, it immediately subsides into the jaugle, which is quite distinct from the ripple. The ripple has two dissimilar angles for its two sides: that towards the wind, or to windward, being gently raised from the horizontal; and the other, or that to leeward, being steep and wrinkled. The jaugle, on the contrary, has both its sides and ends elevated at the same angle: it has no directing impulse to sustain it in any particular form, but is merely a subsiding inert mass from some other impulsive motion previously set up.

That dreaded state of things at sea, a calm after a storm, in the irregular and wild movement of which some sailors sicken, and ships which kept their own during the storm, now throw their masts, is nothing more than a jaugle on a huge scale.

The ripple in its first broad and general impression appears to be opaque, more particularly so as it becomes distant, and without sunshine; but it is not really so. It appears also in sunshine to take perfect light and shadow, and receive distinctly the shadow of objects upon it or near it; but this is not the case. In both instances the surface of a merely rippled water is perfectly transparent and polished. The difference between a piece of unrippled clear water and that which is rippled, is similar to the difference between a plate of clear polished glass and a similar plate of ground glass.

* Continued from p. 122.

Most persons would say of the first that it is perfectly transparent, and of the other that it is very nearly opaque; and the same might be said of the two states of water, as far as regards the purposes of the painter.

Well, we have agreed that rippled water is not opaque, but merely appears so; and that it neither takes light nor shadow, though it appears to do so. Now, as our object is not so much to present actual water on our canvas, as to correctly imitate its appearances, I think we may safely treat it under the state of ripple, as opaque, when in shade; and when under sunshine, to give it light and shade, and more especially as it recedes into distance.

If it be not legitimate to do this (and knowing that the constituent parts of atmosphere are transparent in all its states, from the most brilliant winter's day to the most foggy autumn morning), it would be unfair to give it any quality but the utmost transparency; but, when we know that many of the most glorious states of atmospheric colour depend upon appearances in some measure opaque, and that other phenomena of equal pictorial value depend upon a still further extension of apparent opaque influences, they must be expunged from the catalogue of legitimate effects, unless we may continue to substitute in imitative art, appearances for facts, and canvas and colour for all the infinitely diversified materia of our system.

If you take a piece of highly-polished plate glass, which is as perfect an imitation of a piece of clear and still water as may be had, you will find it quite impossible to throw on it the slightest shadow, and, consequently, the weakest light. If you place a candle near it, but without the angle of reflection, you will find that the glass is in no way lighted by it; and, if you place an object between it and the candle, you will not be able to discover on it that shadow which would be received at fifty per cent. on a semi-transparent, or at its full amount upon a perfectly opaque, surface. To try the first, place over your plate of clear glass a piece of the same material gently ground; and then, to prove the last, lay on the ground glass a piece of writing-paper: the first receives a slight shadow, and the latter a strong one.

With the paper and ground glass away, remove the candle to within the angle of reflection, and you have a correct image of the flame inverted, in the same manner as the inverted image of the sun falls on perfectly still water when within the same angle; but the candle affects no other part of the glass beyond the limits of its reflected image, and the still pond or lake is unaffected beyond that portion of either, appropriated by the reflected image.

Place again the piece of ground glass over the polished plate, permitting the candle to remain in the same situation—within the reflecting angle—and the whole surface appears to be lighted, and you have precisely the same effect as would occur on the lake should its whole surface be rippled. In this last instance the correctly reflected image of the sun, as of the candle, is dissipated; and in its stead you have an infinite number of minute suns reflected from some part or other—either the crest, the side, the end, or the little hollow between—of nearly every minute wave of the general ripple that makes up the entire expanse.

This mass of light, the aggregate of innumerable reflected suns, is of course much stronger under the luminary than at the sides, to the right and left, because on this portion of the rippled surface a greater number of waves and a greater portion of each wave come under the angle of reflection; but at the extreme right and left one wave intercepts part, and sometimes the whole, of the reflection that would, if in the centre, fall upon another, and the hollows generally fall without the reflecting angle; whereas, immediately under the sun, the whole of the hollows form so many streams of light, besides which some part of the crest of every wave within the compass of vision in this direction is reflected on; and, up to a certain distance, their further sides also, until those sides are no longer perceptible to us, being lost under the laws of vision and perspective.

This is the state of things in which water, though clear and still—so far as regards a level surface—takes apparent light and shadow; and you may safely treat it as having that power, for it apparently obeys all the laws of a comparatively opaque surface.

Place on this sheet of ground glass any small upright object—a desk seal or key—and imagine on your lake, all radiant and lustrous with ripple and sunshine, a vessel with her wings spread out to that description of breeze which produces only the ripple.

If the vessel should be at any distance—say a short quarter of a mile—that part of the water which on a perfectly opaque surface would be appropriated to shadow, would be shorn of those rays it would otherwise receive; it would cease to reflect a light nearly as brilliant as the sun itself, and return to the eye instead a reflection made up of nearly every portion of the sky and landscape within a few degrees of the horizon, and including, if you could separate and see it, a reflection of yourself among the rest. This would of course amount to about that sort of indefinite colour that would result from a mixture of all those colours driven into one tone, and stand for a very fair, if not a perfect, representation of the shadow natural to that portion of the picture: the general ground obeying just the same law that does a cloth woven out of more than one coloured thread—a blue and a yellow thread producing a green, and a red and yellow thread an orange, &c. &c.

As a rule which holds more generally than any other, a rippled—wind-rippled—surface of water appears to be semi-transparent at the distance of a few yards from the spectator, and increases in opacity as it retires into distance. That part at your feet is nearly transparent, and that at the distance of a mile or two and beyond, perfectly opaque. Under these circumstances the near water receives, though not so perfectly, elongated reflections, much in the manner as does the jaugle, and refuses the apparent shadows; and the distance receives the apparent shadow, and refuses the elongated reflection.

As another very general rule, unless reflecting the sun, ripple is of about the depth of light middle tint—a streak of it crossing a passage of water, reflecting dark and light objects, is dark on the one and light on the other.

The quantity of light reflected from a rippled surface depends in a great measure upon the point of elevation above such surface at which you stand. Looking at it from a low point, or the margin of the water, it presents the appearance of a multitude of silvery stars of exceeding brightness, rapidly appearing and disappearing; occurring at short spaces at the centre of the reflecting mass, and becoming less frequent towards the extremity, until ultimately a chance spark may be discovered scintillating for its moment of existence far beyond the bounds at which it might be expected. But even immediately under the sun, where the dancing constellation blazes most frequently, it may not be more than every twelfth tiny wave that returns the sun's light. When witnessed from a point of elevation which gives you the whole back or further part of the wave, the blaze of light is nearly entire and dazzling, and the range of water over which it extends is proportionally increased.

Some of the exceptions to the foregoing rules depend upon the direction of the wind in connexion with the place of the spectator.

If standing to windward of a piece of rippled water which has a large post standing in its centre—that is, with the wind blowing on your back, and the ripple-lines working away from you—the reflection of the post would not be apparent; and, from what has been said, for very obvious reasons: for, being at too low an angle to bring the back of the wave into view, the crests only of a very few of the waves nearest the post are all that receive any reflection from it, and this occurs in a quantity much too small to make any impression on the eye. It is the same at the other or leeward side of the water, but not to quite the same extent, as the back or windward side of the wave would be more depressed; but even here a sufficient extent of reflection does not occur to take notice of.

Shift your berth to about midway between the two points already assumed, where the wind blows immediately on one cheek, and directly across the line of vision; and whence the post and the ripple-lines fall on the eye in one direction—that is, perpendicular to yourself—and then there occurs a very distinct though broken reflection of the post. If the ripple-lines be perfect and without flexure, the length of the reflection would be the same as if received on the most perfect mirror; but, if the flexure in the ripple-lines should be frequent and at short intervals of space, the reflection would be elongated in proportion to the disturbance in the ripple-lines.

You may both amuse yourself and prove many of the positions assumed in this letter as regards rippled and jaugled water, by procuring a few specimens of glass which have been cast for plating, some of which have on one surface a very fair imitation of water in those states. You may, by colouring one side, give to them the colour of sea-water at all depths, as that of the rivers and snow-lakes. You may give to one the asphalte depth of the black pond, and place another on a sand or ochre ground, and learn from them, also as from some smooth plated glass, an immense deal on the alteration some colours undergo by reflection upon differently coloured waters.

The jaugle is another most pictorial disturber of the otherwise too tame surface of water. I must first explain exactly what I mean by the term, which very seldom enters into any other but nautical phraseology. It is quite distinct from those states of water which commence with the zephyr in a wind-ripple, and terminate with the tempest in wild seas, as it also is from the current, the race, or the rapid. It has no force to direct or sustain it, but is that state of water in which we find it gradually subsiding—without wind—from impulses which it has previously received, either from wind or other disturbing causes. Immediately the wind is taken off a stormy sea, those waves which up to this time had been running in regular lines lose their comparative uniformity; flexures in the lines take place, the more elevated portions of a line throw their masses of water off in every direction around them, breaking through other seas both before and behind them: and, subsiding sideways as well, set up a cross sea directly at a right angle with the former lines. This state of things soon breaks down all regularity and uniformity; the seas divide themselves at each point of elevation on the line into more depressed and rounded forms, with a general equality of angle on all sides, and huge inert and misshapen, but transparent and polished, masses of water heave and jolt against each other in solemn and ponderous confusion. If the sea under the heaviest and swiftest pressure of the tempest is wild and savage, its subsidence into this the most huge state of the jaugle, is deeply solemn and impressive.

The more familiar instances of the jaugle occur in harbours, and from which they are seldom free until night. Either comparatively or wholly land-locked, as most of them are, the jaugle is nearly the only motion to which they are subject; and they make up for the want of variety in other motions by a constant play on this. When morning breaks, the first tar that plunges his early blade in the water starts a circle of waves; some other disturbance from some other quarter sends another series of circles to meet, break through, and cross these, until the whole surface of the harbour seems throbbing with life, in small, polished, and windless waves, jogging and dancing all day long to the tune of man's restless industry, and subsiding when his labour is done into a surface more smooth and tranquil than his softest night-dreams.

If you have not now some idea of the difference between the wind-ripple and the jaugle, I must confess myself beaten, for I know not how otherwise to make it much plainer.

The great distinguishing characteristic of the jaugle is to give elongated, broken, or serpentine reflections, and sometimes both one and the other at the same time; not that the ripple does not perform the same functions, but in the case of the ripple it is on so small a scale as not always to be perceptible, and quite without the possibility of being painted, particularly at any distance.

Suppose a mast or pole to rise at some considerable distance, say five hundred yards, out of a piece of jaugled water. You will not at first be aware that the first foot or so of this mast would not be reflected; but, as far as appearances go, such is the fact.

If you were standing on a level with the water's surface, the remainder of the mast would be, generally speaking, reflected in a perpendicular line of detached pieces, extending from where it at first commenced down to very nearly the last wave at your feet, and in some favourable states of the jaugle more than doubling or trebling the length of the mast itself. Bright objects, such as the sun, a glistening window, or a lamp at night, are the most favourable for producing this elongated

reflection: as, from the extreme opposition of the colour or light of the objects themselves to the general tone of the water, not a single point of reflection is lost; but in other instances, where the colour of the objects at all harmonizes with the tone of the water, their reflecting points or touches—speaking as a painter—require, after a certain distance, to be searched for; and there the painter had better stop, for it is not in those extreme delicacies that Nature herself is impressive. In painting, the difficulty of rendering truly that which is quite palpable to the eye is so great—if not, in many instances, unachievable—that the time and labour are more than thrown away, which confuse the really essential in a lumbering attempt to introduce the scarcely apparent, before the evident and fully apparent may be secured.

I cannot help feeling myself that, before it is possible to paint this circumstance, as well as nearly every other, even tolerably, it is quite necessary to understand them thoroughly. In this incident in particular, it may be very possible to paint a slight, running-hand indicative kind of work from such a sketch or study as is generally coloured on the spot from Nature, at any rate as far as perhaps the middle distance; but without a correct and close knowledge of all the causes which constitute its different effects at every possible distance, and more especially near the foreground, where the particular place and form of each wave of the jaugle must be distinctly felt, seen, and rendered, it would be impossible to carry a work much further. We must not lose sight of this circumstance in painting; that a great deal of knowledge of the essential truths, thrown together in a very few well-intentioned touches, either rapidly or carelessly, produces more of naturalness than ten times the amount of touches which may convey an idea of only half the number of truths.

It is not to say that a large surface of jaugled water, upon which there may be but few objects, requires every touch making up the general expanse to be very determinedly intentioned: such a piece of water forms a kind of ground upon which to introduce certain incidents; the truths here may be more broadly managed. We know, for instance, that the general tone of this water is made up of separate and detached broken reflections of every part of the scene above it, elongated in the same manner as the reflection of the mast, and amongst it the reflection also of much of what is behind the painter; added to this, where any jaugle wave is elevated to such an angle as to have a part of its surface perpendicular to the eye, there is there seen the local colour of the water itself, presenting a series of interlined touches of that particular colour, and twenty other things, some subordinate and some not; but to fully describe which would take twenty times the space any reasonable letter presents. Instead of which, take a part. A single wave of the jaugle, for instance, is made up—commencing at its further side—of the further part of the sky—warm and glowing perhaps—and, before you ascend to its summit, it reflects a colder part; its two descending sides at the same instant chequered by an infinite number of colours from the right and left, commencing at the sky and terminating with the landscape. The summit of this wave takes the colour of the zenith, and from the summit downwards it becomes embellished with all the gradations from the zenith to the other horizon; while that part which, for the moment of its remaining perpendicular to the eye, permits that organ to pierce into the depths of the water, of which it forms a part, and returns its local colour.

Now, even were it possible to paint an expanse of parts so infinitely diversified, where is the human industry and determination that would not quail and break down under the bare contemplation of so microscopic a labour? and when it would necessarily have to be performed in a rapid alternation of every state of a pigment, varying between the most opaque and the most transparent?

On the other hand, it would not do to execute the whole, even as a preparation, in one general tint. The one would be repulsive; the other is impracticable. The lustrous, mobile, and almost living surface of agitated water—burning and glistening in the thousand hues of the upper creation, while it plays and heaves in capricious dalliance with the mimic objects of earth which nestle on its sunny breast and there melt into pictorial complication—refuses to be imitated but by complicated means. The great difficulty—and there is a very great difficulty in rendering this element truly even in its most simple state—is in this, to fix upon some mode (let it be called conventional or not, so that it be of a sufficiently liberal character to be easily varied with the varying character and demands of ever-changing phenomena) wherein its leading characteristics may be given, without involving an inevitable clumsiness of execution; which, though admissible enough in the more rugged portions of landscape, is sure to dissipate all notions of that facile fluidity so peculiarly belonging to water, and without which the attempt to combine and render the most glowing truths becomes cold and valueless. The most proper province of teaching is to find out and promulgate what is to be done, and to lead the mind in a direction which has no limit, so that the aspirations of the enthusiast shall nowhere find a check, nor be prevented probing a distance beyond that attained by his contemporaries. All else is confined, illiberal, and savours of a recipe, and a job cut out to be executed in a mere workman-like manner.

You will perceive that I shrink from saying "how you should paint water." The critics do so sometimes; but I have not their courage; and ample directions may be found in one of the most gigantic works of the age, "The Encyclopædia Britannica," for painting water. Had I not, who consider myself of no authority, better refer you at once to a work which, upon all the subjects it treats, is considered of the greatest authority? Or may I not be mistaken; and is not the article, of which the following extract is a part, a mistake? and is not the occupying a portion of a work, for which you pay—bound—from forty to fifty pounds, with an article of this description, a mere piece of humbug, or worse? See what is said on the way to paint water!!! "Water is painted with indigo and white, and shaded with the same colour, but deeper; and to finish it, instead of dotting" (*this must be intended for the ripple*), "nothing is done but making strokes and traces without crossing, and giving them the same turn with the waves, when there are any. Sometimes a little green must be mixed in certain places, and the light and clear parts heightened with pure white, particularly when the water foams."

Notwithstanding the length of this letter I cannot refrain from adding the following on "castles, old houses, and other buildings of stone and wood." They are to be "done in the manner above mentioned; speaking of those things when they are upon the first lines. But when you would have them appear at a distance, you must mix brown, red, and vermilion, with much white, and shade very tenderly with this mixture; and the farther they are off the weaker are the strokes to indicate the separations. If they are covered with slate, it is to be made bluer than the rest."

There are some other equally rich things in the same article, but this perhaps is enough for the present.

To return to our mast, which had thrown its broken reflection in separate and distinct touches from near its foot to the foreground: if you place yourself at an elevation that enables you at about half way between the nearest water and the mast to see the farther side of the waves, the reflection from the foot of the mast up to this point continues broken and detached; but from this point it continues joined, but not perpendicular, for, being deflected alternately from left to right, it gives that irregular serpentine form which presents so beautiful an appearance on the jaugle, and to which state of water it is nearly peculiar. This state of the reflection continues from about this point down to where very few of the undulations present the proper angle to receive reflection, and it then commences the detached form again until it no longer meets with a surface, the incidental angle of which finds an equal one at the eye of the spectator.

It is a mistaken notion that horizontal forms do not reflect on this character of water. The circumstance of reflection depends not on the horizontal, but on the elevation of the object, and consequently a horizontal form crossing the scene at the same point of distance with the mast, and at the same time of equal altitude, would be reflected to the same depth under similar circumstances as those affecting the mast. Horizontal narrow bands, such as those on the sides of vessels, the top rail of palings, or the separating floor courses of buildings, would not be correctly reflected in even a moderate jaugle; but they would begin to be apparent in horizontal serpentine lines, when in the course of its subsidence the water had attained a nearly even surface.

The circumstance which prevents, or rather interrupts, the reflection of narrow horizontal forms, is that on a perfectly smooth surface there is a certain place for these reflections, as in a mirror, where they are given in their perfect form; but, the jaugle once set up, the object is not only reflected in this certain place, but angles of incident and accident occur both above and below this point, at which reflection naturally takes place. This at once breaks up the integrity of the horizontal banded form, and dissipates or, more properly, disperses its quantity in detached pieces over a wider field, destroying its identity; and, though before the eye, it is no longer sufficiently compact to be recognised. I have heard it remarked, as a matter of surprise, that a boat at a certain distance on jaugled water, with an elevated prow and stern, does not reflect the horizontal hull, while she reflects both prow and stern, with masts and standing figures. This circumstance is not a consequence of the horizontal form of the hull, for, were the hull at the gunwale as high as the prow, the whole would be reflected. Some weight must be given to another circumstance as regards the reflection of DISTANT perpendicular forms: deflection does not take place to any considerable extent until at that nearer part of the water where, from your seeing over the farther part of the wave, its back and the hollow take down the reflection also; and at a distance, no deflection occurring, the detached pieces of reflection occur in a tolerably perpendicular line, one well under the other.

The removal of the point of reflection in jaugled water to both above and below its proper place is the principal cause why narrow horizontal distant objects, such as vessels, low shores, &c., are not reflected, or appear not to be so. The sky on the distant wave occupies, say five-sixths of its height, and, this being carried up out of its place over the reflection of an object both horizontal and narrow, leaves too little of its reflection to be appreciated. The fact is, that it is not a question of reflection or no reflection, it is a question of quantities: the larger quantity of the sky in this instance taking precedence of the smaller one of the boat, or narrow line of shore.

I must still give you another letter on the subject of water in other states, as I imagine it may clear up some doubts which confused me when I first commenced to dabble in its beauties.

J. B. PYNE.

PICTURE SALES OF THE MONTH.

VERY little of importance has taken place, since our last month's report, of the disposal of pictures by the ancient masters in public sales. Although these occurrences have been incessant, to repletion, yet, with the solitary exception of an imported collection belonging to a Mons. Tarral, none of any high character have been presented. This last named was a recent gathering, formed principally from the Fesch collection, and contained some good pictures, the most valuable among them being 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' by Giorgione, which was knocked down for a sum upwards of £1500, and believed to have been *bonâ fide* sold; although some of the other adjudications bear the suspicion of being "bought in." The present season has exhibited the consequences of the monetary pressure in the disposal of ancient pictures; which have not, even when good, realized their ordinary value, and in private hands have been of very difficult sale at reduced valuations.

In the midst of the pecuniary derangements just alluded to, it is encouraging to learn that the works of our native school have sustained their usual prices; whenever the works of our own painters are obtainable by public auction, there is no diminution of liberality on the part of buyers. The sale of the sketches, drawings, and pictures by the late W. Collins, R.A., proved completely satisfactory, notwithstanding it extended over six days. Every scrap was appreciated, however unimportant: of his pictures there were none of consequence, his works having been always coveted; nothing was left on hand but a few beginnings, or incomplete studies.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY ANCIENT AND MODERN MASTERS.

On Monday, the 14th of June, the Directors of the British Institution opened their Annual Exhibition of Pictures contributed by the Nobility and Gentry of the United Kingdom. On this occasion, the collection has been formed by works lent by her Majesty; the Dukes of Wellington, Sutherland, and Manchester; the Marquis of Bute; the Earls Malmesbury, Ellesmere, Dartmouth, Cawdor, Yarborough, Waldegrave, and Brownlow; the Lords Charles Townsend, Alford, Northwick, and Colborne; the Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, Sir W. W. Wynn, Sir J. M. Brackenbury, Sir J. Dean Paul, and other gentlemen.

These distinguished individuals have, by contributing choice works from their various galleries and cabinets, formed a collection of pictures of unusual importance, highly gratifying to the amateur, and instructive to the artist.

The Directors have, indeed, made a stir in advance, for so great a number of fine works have not, of late, been included in the summer exhibition; the fact becomes the more exhilarating as an indication of future arrangements:—now that a true feeling appears to be awakened, and a proof has been given of what can be achieved by the Institution when rightly set in motion.

Her Majesty contributes but one picture, 'The Duenna,' by S. Newton. Among the pictures of the English school are 'St. Cecilia,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds; 'St. John,' by the same; and some portraits. By the late W. Collins, R.A., there are five, namely, 'Happy as a King,' belonging to Mr. Vernon; 'The Cherry-seller,' Sir Robert Peel's picture (now engraving for our Journal); 'Cromer;' 'The Young Boatbuilders;' and 'Boys Fishing.' 'The Death of Eli,' by Bird, R.A., is contributed by the Duke of Sutherland. Two historical pictures by Briggs; the 'Ratcatchers,' by Sir D. Wilkie; and pictures by Stothard, Hilton, Dance, and Callcott, are among the most interesting examples of English painters.

The North Room, as usual, contains the greatest number of favourites, some of which deserve especial notice for their excellence. No. 4, 'View of a Town,' Vanderheyden, belonging to the Duke of Wellington, is an admirable picture for colour: the pencilling is, of course, the perfection of detailed execution.—No. 16, 'The Embarkation of St. Paul,' by Claude. The sun is represented low in the horizon, and tips the slightly-curling waves with golden hues down to the base of the picture. Claude has been, by common consent, placed on the pinnacle of landscape-painting: his numerous excellencies are beyond dispute; yet in this picture there exists a contradiction so remarkable to our conceived notions of reflected lights on the watery element, that it becomes a matter of surprise not to have been either noticed or explained, for it has been frequently repeated by the painter: there is a second example of it in the exhibition, and it is not unfrequent in others of his pictures. Whenever a light, whether sunlight, moonlight, or artificial, is reflected in water, generally much elongated by the ripple, it invariably descends from the object perpendicularly to the feet of the spectator. With the exception of Claude it has been always delineated to descend perpendicularly on the plane of a picture from the object to the base line of the plane. In these pictures of Claude it is painted descending obliquely on the surface of the plane. The effect is not disagreeable, but somewhat awkward to conventional ideas and preconceived rules. Whether it may descend obliquely, or if it is rigidly exacted to do so vertically, must be left to the discussion of those artists who are also natural philosophers, and become alone responsible for any deviation from the fixed laws of Nature.

The Gallery is rich in Cuyp's pictures, among which, No. 23, a large and grand sunny landscape, belonging to W. S. Dugdale, Esq., M.P., is conspicuous, as well as a frost piece belonging to Lord Yarborough. This latter picture is from the Van Slingelandt cabinet, formerly so rich in Cuyp's finest works, of which this is a glorious specimen.

The Middle Room is entirely filled with pictures from the collection of the Marquis of Bute. As the public have had no opportunity of viewing them since the lamentable fire which destroyed Luton, it is a great boon on the part of the noble possessor to afford a sight of these important works: they are mostly of the Dutch and Flemish school. Among them is a very fine De Hooge, known to connoisseurs by the title of 'Paying the Hostess,' which was formerly in the Braancamp cabinet. The illusion of light over the surface is completed with the utmost skill and patient study of even the minutest details: the portion of a curtain which crosses the principal light that enters the apartment has even some few of the meshes of the woven stuff illumined by passing rays.

In the South Room there is also a capital picture, of larger size than is customary for the artist, also painted by P. De Hooge, representing a concert in a spacious apartment. This picture belongs to the Duke of Wellington; and, if the words "magical" and "illusive" are permitted in opinions upon works of Art, they are safely allowable upon viewing the treatment of light here displayed. The intention is carried out of tones subdued by red curtains drawn over the windows of a handsome apartment, which give a vast power and force of daylight in the angle of a window and the doorway. The transparency of the curtains is so illusive that it is difficult to persuade oneself it is an opaque substance: the reality of a transparent stuff through which light penetrates is perfected—it is the highest achievement possible of imitating a natural effect. The reflections of this red drapery are most skilfully cast upon the articles of furniture, the floor, and the walls, to an extent that becomes the more surprising the longer the picture is contemplated. Near this is hung another famous picture belonging to the illustrious Duke: not a trophy won in battle-fields, but the homage of gratitude from the Sovereign of the Castiles to his gallant Liberator, being No. 121, 'The Water-seller,' or the 'Aquador,' by Velasquez, from the Palace of Buen Retiro. This is Art of a different class, largely painted, with a decision of touch that never faltered; in solid tints, and with a resolute contempt of all the trickeries of manipulation, it is dashed on the canvas with a power, a truth of expression, and a manliness of hand that none but a great master could have conceived or had the courage to execute. It is a renowned *chef-d'œuvre*.—No. 137 is a small composition of numerous figures, representing 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' by Fra Angelico da Fiesole, which has been lent by the Rev. J. Sandford. The truly beautiful miniature execution of this early master is exemplified; and the visitor will find an examination of the female heads well repaid by their extraordinary beauty and variety.

So many fine works are gathered in this collection that it is impossible to notice even a tithe of them. It is rich in Hobbimas and Paul Potters; generally in the great celebrities of the Dutch and Flemish school. Italian Art is only represented by an admirable 'St. Cecilia,' by Domenichino, the property of W. Wells, Esq., of Redleaf.

We must again express our delight on viewing so many noble and instructive works. In the preface to the catalogue the Directors truly say that it must afford great gratification to the amateurs as well as instruction to artists.

Of the latter there can be no doubt; one opinion only can exist as to its importance; but we respectfully say, that to take a shilling from an artist every time he visits the Gallery to receive that instruction, is not the generous way of bestowing it on the part of the many noble and wealthy Directors of the Institution. To all the young students in Art it is virtually a tax of a few shillings a head for the visits they ought to make. Insignificant as it may appear, it undoubtedly deters hundreds from the improvement derivable from studying the great works of a school which is not represented in the National Gallery. The Directors would but carry out their declared intentions if they accorded free admissions during the exhibition to those to whom it would be useful; and there would be no difficulty in making the selection from the catalogues of the exhibiting artists of the current year, even if the privilege were to be limited: which, however, it ought not to be; for the young STUDENT is especially interested in the continual study of the collection; an advantage from which, under existing circumstances, he is effectually debarred.

We, believe, indeed, that while no arrangement could be made by the Institution so entirely beneficial, it is one that presents no difficulty whatever.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS.

The prizes offered by the Society—with a view to "promote the diffusion of a love for the symmetrical and the beautiful, by supplying, in cheap materials of elegant forms, objects suited to the familiar uses of every-day life"—have been distributed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the President. These prizes consist of gold and silver medals, and sums of money varying from £3 to ten guineas.

Among the objects submitted in competition were chalk drawings, sepia drawings, microscopic drawings, models in plaster, and one "original composition in oil," by Mr. JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS—a work of very considerable merit, and one that augurs well for the future fame of the young painter—who is said to be but eighteen years of age. It represents 'The Seizing of the Inca by the Spaniards.' The composition is fine, the drawing good, and the colouring judicious; the picture would, indeed, attract attention and demand praise, anywhere.

The plan of the Society being of a mixed character, among the successful competitions are shown "compass planes," "liquid manures," "methods for suspending knapsacks," "railway-buffer springs," &c. &c.

But those which are calculated to be most extensively popular, and to produce the largest influences on the future, are the awards to artists and manufacturers for designs or productions bearing upon the Industrial Arts. The principal prizes thus distributed were as follows:—

The Society's Gold Medal, presented to Messrs. H. Minton and Co., for the Models of a Jug and Loving Cup.

The Society's Gold Medal, presented to Mr. Thomas Drayton, for his new process of Silvering Glass with pure Silver.

The Society's Gold Isis Medal, presented to Messrs. Richardson and Co., for their specimen of Enamelled Colours on Glass.

The Society's Gold Isis Medal, presented to Thomas Brown Jordan, for his Machine for Carving Wood, Stone, &c., for ornamental and decorative purposes.

The Society's Gold Isis Medal, presented to Mr. Henry Grainger, for the best specimen of White Earthenware.

The Society's Gold Isis Medal, presented to Messrs. H. Minton and Co., for the best specimen of White China.

The Society's Gold Isis Medal, presented to Messrs. H. Minton and Co., for the best specimen of Deep Blue Colour on China.

The Society's Gold Isis Medal, presented to Messrs. H. Minton and Co., for the best specimen of Green Colour on Porcelain.

To the above, gold medals were awarded; the following received silver medals and sums of money:—

The Society's Large Silver Medal and £10. 10s., presented to Messrs. D. Pearce and C. Worrall, for their design and model of a Lamp Pillar.

The Society's Large Silver Medal and £10. 10s., to Mr. Charles Meigh, for a model of a Mug ornamented in relief.

The Society's Large Silver Medal and £10. 10s., to Mr. F. Abate, for a means of Preventing the Emission of Noxious Vapours from Sewers.

The Society's Large Silver Medal and £5. 5s., to Mr. J. Strudwick, for his design for a Roller Window Blind.

The Society's Large Silver Medal and £5. 5s., to Mr. Daniel Pearce, for his design for Printing on China.

The Society's Large Silver Medal and £5. 5s., to Mr. John Philip, for his design for an Earthenware Mug ornamented in relief.

The Society's Large Silver Medal and £5. 5s., to Mr. Bedlake, for his design for a Geometrical Stamped Drugget.

The Society's Large Silver Medal and £5. 5s., to Mr. J. Austin, for an Original Composition, and specimen of Stained Glass.

The Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Mr. W. H. Soames, for a Design executed in Metal of the Head of a Greek Warrior.

The Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Miss Susan Durant, for an Original Bust in Plaster, being a Portrait.

The Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Mr. C. Worrall, for a Model in Plaster of a Candelabrum.

The Society's Silver Isis Medal, to Mr. C. Fox, for an Original Composition in Plaster.

After a careful examination of the various objects to which the prizes were awarded, we cannot say that any of them are entirely satisfactory; or that they afford proof of our keeping pace with our neighbours of the Continent; and, at the outset of our notice, we protest against the articles offered for competition being considered as representing the best productions of British manufacture. Many of our first-rate houses having declined to enter the lists under the present regula-

DRYBURGH ABBEY: THE GRAVE OF SCOTT.

DRAWN BY J. A. BELL. ENGRAVED BY W. MILLER.

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tions, we cannot, indeed, clearly understand under what circumstances some of the awards are made. Thus, for example, first on the list appear the names of Messrs. Minton and Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent, who received the gold medal for "a jug and a a loving-cup"—the design for the former being by Mr. J. H. Townsend, and that for the latter by Mr. J. H. Bell—for the only part of it, that is to say, that was designed—the cup-cover; the cup itself being a copy, slightly altered but not improved, of a vase in the collection of the Duchess of Sutherland. To the former of these objects we make reference elsewhere. Now, surely, in common justice, the prize should have been divided between Messrs. Townsend and Bell: for in the manufacture there is nothing at all peculiar or meritorious; any potter in Staffordshire might have done as well. But why award one medal for two productions totally distinct? The fact that these articles were designed by the artists we have named was sufficiently notorious; they had been previously shown pretty extensively, and that of Mr. Townsend has been engraved in a published catalogue. That Mr. Minton was the *manufacturer* must, therefore, have been well known to the committee who made the award; and they must have been also fully aware that they gave him the prize for nothing: for it is equally certain that the honour of having induced the distinguished artists to make the designs—Messrs. Townsend and Bell—belongs not to Mr. Minton, but to "Felix Summerly."

We protest, therefore, against this award; in no captious spirit, but as aiding to destroy that confidence without which the labour of the Society of Arts will be labour in vain. Its object should be, not to obtain contributions from two or three manufacturers, but to induce hundreds to contribute; which we feel assured they would do if they were perfectly satisfied that no partiality could endanger the result.

Messrs. Minton obtained three other gold medals—making four out of the ten awarded—one of them being for "white china," another for "blue colour on china," and another for "green colour on porcelain"; we understand that colours more brilliant than these, *to the eye*, were sent in, but, it is said, that they did not so well stand the test of acids.

Messrs. Richardson's (of Stourbridge) specimen of enamelled colours on glass is a good example of modern improvement; the figures, from the Etruscan, are painted with skill, and introduced with taste.

Mr. Henry Grainger's (of Worcester) specimen of white earthenware is remarkably pure.

Another "mug ornamented in relief," for which a silver medal was awarded to Mr. Charles Meigh (Shelton), does not pretend to any merit in design; while the form is by no means good; but the relief is sharp and strong.

A drawing of a beautiful service by Mr. Daniel Pearce, "a design for printing on china," is well entitled to the prize, as far as the *pattern* goes; the forms of the objects being objectionable.

The design for a lamp-pillar, by Messrs. Pearce and Worrall, is remarkably beautiful, and well adapted for manufacture.

Of the various objects contributed, these alone require particular mention: we presume that the committee of selection conferred the honours of the Society on the most meritorious among the competitors; and, rather than admit as conclusive the evidence thus supplied of want of talent in our manufacturers and designers, we shall accuse manufacturers and designers of want of foresight, wisdom, and patriotism, in holding back from a competition that might have been profitable to them and honourable to the country.

We believe that evil, and evil only, results from the gifts of money, either without prizes or with prizes of inferior value: and that the Society will do wisely to consider the honour of a prize a sufficient inducement to compete, as well as an ample recompense for superiority.

Still, although "the show" is by no means such as might reasonably have been expected—considering the publicity given to the Society's plans—it affords proof of advance and of a desire for still greater advancement. We heartily hope the Society will not be discouraged; but that each year they will make such arrangements as shall multiply tenfold the number of competitors.

The Report states that "the Council are happy to say the specimens of Decorative Art sent in competition this session surpass in number and excellence those of last: this encourages the Council to hope and believe that, by continuing the system and extending it as they propose, a higher and higher class of works will be annually produced." Of this we have no doubt: time cannot fail to prove to our manufacturers the policy of such publicity as the Society can achieve for them: they are beginning to be alive to the absolute necessity of competing—not only with each other but with the nations of the Continent. The Society of Arts may be a valuable and a powerful auxiliary; but it can only be by inducing conviction of its impartiality, as well as competency to adjudge rightly and honestly.

There are unquestionably some of the rules of the Society that require material alteration before its object can be attained; one in particular: "*the models and drawings of designs rewarded become the property of the Society.*" So long as this regulation is adhered to, there can be little or no chance of good models or designs being sent in. The ten guineas, or five guineas, or three guineas, or less (for less is in some cases given), is probably not so much as any manufacturer would give for such a design as the Society ought only to recompense; and, in the case of a *model*, must be very far below the cost even of the workmanship. Better, we repeat, an honorary reward and no money—with the permission to the producer to make sale of the design thus sanctioned and made popular.

We respectfully hope the Society will consider this and some other points with a view to increase its utility, and induce a more eager and general desire to obtain the honours it awards.

THE CAXTON TESTIMONIAL.

A MEETING has been held, and arrangements have been made, for raising subscriptions to erect, "somewhere in the neighbourhood of Westminster," a tribute to the memory of the great English benefactor who introduced the Art of Printing into these kingdoms. At the meeting, Lord Morpeth presided, supported by the Rev. H. H. Milman (honoured as a poet, and respected as a dignitary of the Church), the Dean of Westminster, the American Minister, and a very large number of artists, men of letters, and others, who—after a lapse of centuries—gratefully acknowledge their debt to the first printer who opened wide the portals of knowledge and bade the humblest of mankind freely enter. Lord Morpeth delivered a most eloquent address—in admirable taste, forcible, comprehensive, and *hearty*; and the other speakers—Dr. Buckland, Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. Milman—more especially, explained the objects in view, and pressed the subject upon the attention of the assembly.

Among the various resolutions, the only one that produced discussion referred to the appointment of a sub-committee—consisting of five, Sir Richard Westmacott, Mr. Etty, Mr. Barry, Mr. Milman, and the Dean of Westminster—to whom, according to the original plan, was to have been delegated full authority to determine the nature and character of the testimonial: this was objected to, inasmuch as it would, or might, lead to the inference that such nature and character were pre-arranged and determined—and that the subscriptions would be limited in proportion to the anticipated cost. It was also contended that as a "general committee" was appointed, consisting of about sixty distinguished or influential gentlemen, to them properly appertained some duty—and, above all, the duty of deciding of what class or order the monument should be.

The suggestion was ultimately adopted in so far as to alter the resolution to that which follows:—

"That a general committee be appointed to promote the objects of this meeting, and determine the character of the memorial, to consist of the following noblemen and gentlemen, three to form a quorum, and the committee to have power to add to their number; and that the following constitute a sub-committee to determine the composition of the work of art, viz., the Dean of Westminster; Charles Barry, Esq., R.A.; Wm. Etty, Esq., R.A.; Rev. H. H. Milman, and Sir R. Westmacott."

The Committee is now, therefore, at work, and we earnestly hope that a sum will be collected sufficient to erect a testimonial to the memory of Caxton, worthy the age and country, and the great purpose to work out which he was an instrument in the hands of Providence.

It is always a thankless task to find fault; but it is necessary to say that the meeting seemed to consist of about half a dozen who were there to act, and some two or three hundred who came to listen; the site of the monument, the nature of the monument, the sub and general committee, were things settled before the chair was taken: the assembly had been called together not to give counsel but to hear; and, though two or three matters were improved upon, others might have been if there had seemed a disposition less to dictate than to consult. Westminster is, unquestionably, the proper site; even if it had no other recommendation than its having been the scene of the great man's labours, that might have been conclusive; but it has many advantages, and, in process of time, will have many more. Mr. Milman's idea of "a lamp by night and a fountain by day" is a fancy not unworthy of the poet; but it appears far too restricted: we hope it will be but the part of a large and magnificent whole. We trust, too, that the list of the general committee (who have the usual powers to add to their numbers) will be increased; we might name dozens better entitled to the honour (if an honour the appointment is designed to be) than the majority of those upon whom it was conferred; and men who are far more likely to *think* for the monument and *work* for the subscriptions. But, as usual in such cases, the list was made out by two or three parties—who had their partialities, if not their prejudices; and it is by no means always that personal considerations, on such occasions, succumb to public duties. Upon the most important of all the topics in connexion with this grand theme, let us hear a sensible writer in the "Daily News":—

"It is probable that for fixing on the design there must be competition and exhibition of some kind or other. Let it be as public as possible. Let it also be exhaustive. Let a certain number of designs be first selected. Let that selection be approved as excluding no design worthy of a second thought. Let a fresh elimination take place from this weeded batch. Let this be carried on until the best design be secured, and let there be ample time and opportunity for the expression of public opinion at each step. Above all, let us have no selection of judges simply because they are academicians, or reputed men of taste, or undoubted men of rank. Let us take into the account proved knowledge and earnest thought expressed on subjects of Art; above all, vital and deep interest in such matters, as grounds for election to such a judgment-seat. Let us have no mere artist, with the soul of a tradesman, and above all no *dilettante*, with his hollow phrases, and shrivelled beliefs, and utter unreality, on the committee of selection. To such men, with the addition of men of rank, who unite the faults of both the above-named classes, without even the modicum of technical knowledge which practice gives the first, and long habit may have enabled the second to grope after with some little light, has been generally assigned the task of deciding on designs for public monuments in this country."

We venture to hope that a large sum may be raised; and conceive the worthiest mode of expending it would be in the erection of a square of alms-houses for decayed printers—the "fancy" of Mr. Milman to occupy the centre. The printer's art, in our day, seems far too much regarded as a mere mechanical trade; it has, certainly, become so in a degree; but the debt we owe to their great originator in this country might be acknowledged by services to some of his successors.*

We find the Press, universally, joining in expressions of satisfaction that the nature of the testimonial is, at all events, an open question: certainly, but for the suggestion of a gentleman who addressed the meeting and urged the point strongly upon its consideration, the "select committee" would have been appointed with an understanding that the matter was "settled"; his arguments induced such an alteration in the resolution (printed above) as may lead to very important results.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.
THE GRAVE OF SCOTT.

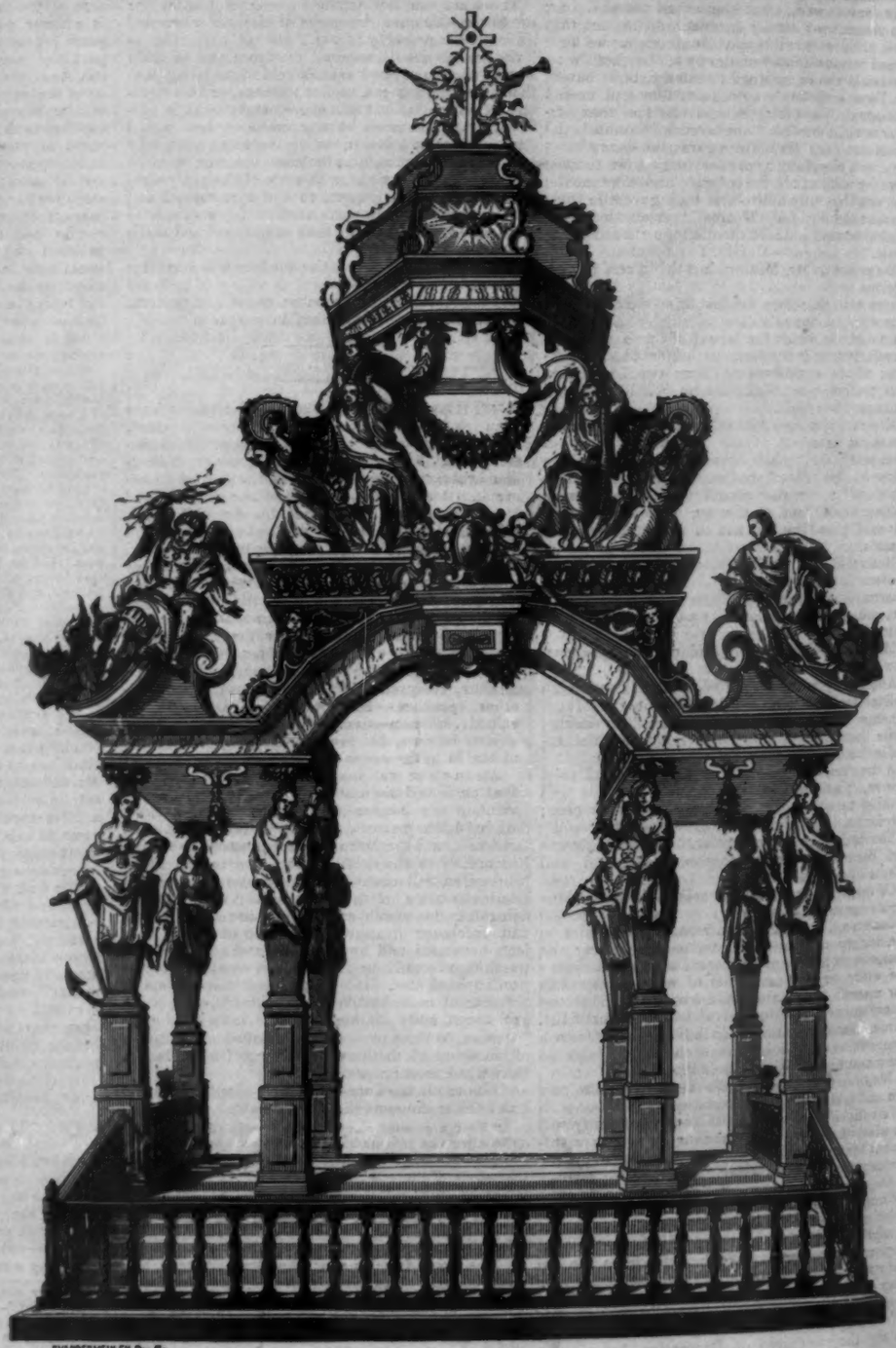
THE burial-place of the great master spirit of the age has been so often described as to render needless here any descriptive details concerning it. We believe the print which illustrates the present number of our Journal will be acceptable to our readers—not only as a good work of Art, but as picturing a scene that now belongs to our history.

* There exists at this moment a "Printers' Almshouse Fund"—of which Mr. Richard Taylor is the treasurer—with a view to such a project as that we suggest. They have, we understand, about £2000, which of course would be available for this purpose.

THE ALTAR-PIECE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. GUDULE, BRUSSELS.

Designed by Rubens.

It has seldom fallen to the lot of a Journalist to record a more flagrant act of Vandalism than that we are about to describe. Nearly five centuries ago, in Brussels, insult was offered to the Holy Sacrament by some Jews, which ended in their execution and the confiscation of all the property of the persecuted race, to the amount, it is chronicled of twelve millions of florins. This occurrence gave rise to an annual festival kept to this day, and celebrated as the great *kermesse*. In the collegiate Church of St. Michael and Gudule, usually called the Cathedral, a chapel was constructed in commemoration of the event, called the Chapel of the Miraculous Sacrament, upon which the citizens of Brussels lavished all the treasures of Medieval Art. Its tracery, canopies, and remaining statues attest the exuberance of Gothic decoration. The five stained glass windows, which now shed their prismatic rays over every part, are of the most lustrous beauty, each being the separate contribution of John King of Portugal, Marie Queen of Hungary, Francis I. King of France, Ferdinand (brother of Charles V.), and the Emperor Charles V. The original altar having been pillaged, more than two centuries ago, of its silver balustrade, cross, and ornaments, in one of the wars which have ravaged the country, it was determined to reconstruct it with the increased magnificence, the school of Art in Belgium afforded the means of accomplishing; and accordingly, in the year 1629, the illustrious Rubens furnished the designs, and personally superintended the carvers, or sculptors, who were employed five years in its execution, at an expense exceeding one hundred and twenty thousand livres. The general idea of the composition is of a vast canopy, supported by eight colossal caryatides, and decorated with a profusion of statues of angels, with garlands and various emblems, all carved in hard wood. The dimensions are upon so grand a scale that it must have been between thirty and forty feet in height. All the figures are of the greatest beauty, and plainly indicate the genius that presided over their execution. The garlands of fruit and flowers carved in the solid wood are of the richest description. The whole is as sound as when first executed. In 1720 it was richly gilt on the occasion of a jubilee, and two grand figures of Aaron and Melchizedek, fourteen feet in height, were added. The expense of the gilding must have been prodigious, £80 having been offered for the privilege of removing the gold now upon it. The figures are admirable in point of execution; the draperies have all the softness and freedom that would appear impossible to render in wood. These figures were placed inside the altar, and do not appear in our illustration. The restoration, and particularly the regilding, of this magnificent monument having been deemed expedient, last year, by the misnamed conservators of the church; and being either unwilling to incur the expense, or wanting funds for the renovation, they have actually sold it to an Englishman. The whole erection has been taken down and brought to London, where the scattered masses of broken up grandeur were recently strewed on the floor of Mr. Phillips's auction-room, preparatory to being sold in detached portions by public sale. This superb example of wood-carving of the seventeenth century was one of the principal objects of interest among the works of Art which remained to Brussels after its many losses by political and religious events: it was one of which this city might justly have been proud, having been described in every work on the curiosities of Brussels, and repeatedly engraved. The public journals of the young nation of Belgium severely denounce the sacrilegious desecration of a monument designed by Rubens, and sacrificed to a pitiful economy. Those who have not seen this beautiful work of Art as it stood in the Cathedral Church of St. Gudule, at Brussels (of which it was one of the principal ornaments), can form but a very inadequate conception of its magnificence from the print we append, which is reproduced from a folio plate now become very rare; sufficient, however, is shown to raise a feeling of regret that such a work should be dispersed, combining as it does the genius of Rubens, the execution of the first artists of the period in which wood-carving was carried to its highest pitch of excellence, and the pious intentions of an age in which so large a sum as 140,000 livres Tournois (£7000) was expended in the construction of a work which the parsimony of the present day refuses to keep in repair. Should the pious veneration of the Christian and the zeal of the antiquary fail, it is to be hoped the spirit of speculation will stimulate the purchaser to keep together so remarkable a monument, which, once separated, can never again be reunited. It is to be sold, as we have, said in various lots, unless some fortunate accident should rescue it from the degradation of being dispersed, and consequently destroyed as a work of Art.



THE LIVING ARTISTS OF EUROPE.

EUGENE NEUREUTHER.

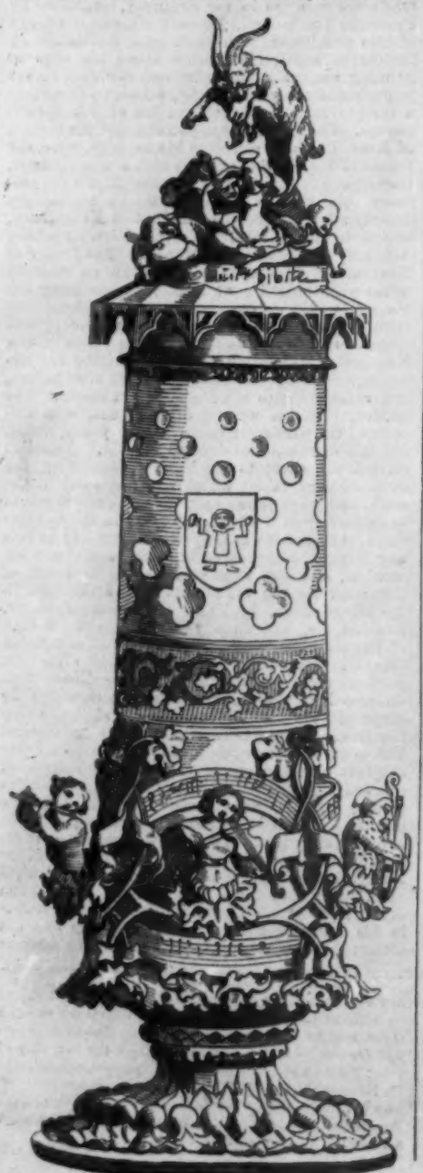
Eugen Neureuther

THE history of art and its great masters, teaches us how talent, instigated by an ardent, instinctive impetus, in opposition to every internal and external obstacle, is developed, and marks out for itself its appropriate path: but it also frequently happens that such talent is directed by circumstances and the influence of incidental causes, and being endowed with particular prominent faculties and powers, employs them successfully, and thus is forcibly prevented, as it were, from overstepping the limits of its own nature. We are not ignorant of the beauty and richness with which Giovanni da Udine once decorated with grotesque and fanciful paintings the Loggias of the Vatican; and yet this was not the purpose for which the artist had come to Rome, and it was only by the power and influence of Raffaele, that he could be engaged in the execution of a work which none before him had attempted, and in which he was not surpassed by any artist. What this great creator of a rich and pleasing style of art would have become without such an externally pervading influence, we may see in one of his works, 'Christ in the Temple,' in the Academy of Venice; it evidently proves an acquaintance with the great master, but evinces none of that imaginative style for which he subsequently became distinguished. Modern art has also its Giovanni da Udine in Eugene Neureuther; in the same measure as the art he practises displays a relationship to the art of Raffaele, the circumstances of both these artists are not dissimilar.

EUGENE NEUREUTHER* was born in Munich, in 1806. His father, an able and industrious landscape-painter, about this time had been appointed drawing-master in the Gymnasium of Mannheim, on the Rhine; when Eugene had reached his eighth year, his father went to Bamberg in Franconia, for the purpose of teaching design. The antique appearance of that city, the varied architecture of the houses (which owe their origin only to chance, or the mere necessities of common life), on the banks of the river, flowing through the city; and especially the picturesque beauties of its environs, had a powerful influence upon the talents of the young artist, whose predisposition was fostered by his father's pursuits. He was, therefore, soon occupied in drawing landscapes, views of Bamberg and the suburbs, which he published in lithography, and being very rapid as well as skilful in his work, he was employed by several book and printsellers, to colour engravings and lithographic prints. But the elder Neureuther, perceiving that Bamberg was not the proper place for the artistic education of his son, resolved to send him to the Academy of Arts in Munich; the means of so doing were speedily afforded when the god-father of the young artist, the Duke Eugene Von Leuctenberg, and the late King of Bavaria, Maximilian, had been informed of his father's views. Provided with an annuity by his patrons, Eugene arrived at Munich in the summer of 1823, and was received a student of art in the class of landscape-painters in the Academy, conducted by Professor Von Kobell. Under the superintendence of this gentlemen, who was a good master but an indifferent artist, Neureuther spent his time in painting various subjects he had sketched on his journey and other excursions, without attempting a further step in the cultivation of his special talents. The death of his patrons, and the refusal of King Louis to continue his annuity, were the means of turning his abilities into a new channel. Cornelius was at that time painting in the Glyptotheca, his designs from the Greek mythology. Shortly after the accession in 1825 of King Louis, he appointed this celebrated artist Director of the Academy of Painting in Munich. The father of Neureuther, who had already been on friendly terms with Cornelius at Rome, not doubting but his son would derive great advantage from the recommendation of the great artist, introduced Eugene to him. Among the works which young Neureuther submitted to the inspection of Cornelius, was a sheet with flowers drawn after nature, and arranged into a decorative ornament. The master, with his wonted discernment, soon discovered the particular talent of the young artist, and this circumstance decided his fate. Cornelius carried the sheet to the king, commending the extraordinary talent which was displayed in the work, and expatiating on the benefit which would be derived from it for the pictures in the Glyptotheca, provided it was properly patronised; in this way Eugene Neureuther once more obtained his pension, and was appointed as the assistant of Cornelius for the ornaments and arabesques in the Glyptotheca, in 1826. Herrmann, Foerster, Roeckel, &c., had already painted, in the Saloon of Deities, flower-festoons; Eberle had completed others in the Saloon of Heroes; but some few portions remained unfinished: these Neureuther undertook to paint. The facility with which he surpassed his competitors, and his skill in using the fresco-colours, induced Cornelius to appoint him to execute the arabesques, together with other subjects of a like character; a task he completed so admirably, that the forms of the antique monuments, by his management, appear to have become living and renewed. The leading principle determinately pursued by him was never to represent a mere conventional ornament, but to follow Nature herself; inasmuch as Nature was looked upon by him as the sole teacher in this branch of the Fine Arts. The result of such a proceeding in his new career was that his attention was not attracted exclusively to the antique and the manner

* The plate which accompanies this notice is a diminished copy of a larger print—'The Sleeping Beauty,'—described in the course of this article; both, however, are etched by the same hand—that of NEUREUTHER. The one we publish was executed by the accomplished artist expressly and exclusively for the "ART-UNION JOURNAL"—a journal in which, we are proud to say, he has long taken much interest, and the value of which he expresses strong anxiety to promote. He has indeed promised, at no distant period, as soon as his other engagements will permit, to prepare articles for us, with illustrations by his pencil, addressed to decorative artists and professors of ornament in England. The accompanying wood-cuts are copies from originals transmitted to us by M. Neureuther; the first was placed on the wood by an English artist, from his etchings. The second on the third page, however, M. Neureuther forwarded to us; and we print it from the original metal block, not only as a specimen of the artist's exquisite designs, but also as an illustration of a method by which objects drawn upon stone may be transferred to metal, and thus become perfect fac-similes of the original, without the necessity of being drawn a second time. By this process, according to M. Neureuther, much labour and expense are avoided. The Portrait is from a drawing sent us by M. Neureuther; the memoir has been written for us by one of the most accomplished Art-scholars of Germany.

of Giovanni da Udine, but also to the German masters and the German characteristics of this art; he at once became conscious of his own powers, and this made him the creator of a new system, one that connected poetry and painting in reciprocal action, causing images and words to pass before our eyes in close union and manifold combinations. In the Royal Library, there is a very rare masterpiece of Albert Durer—a parchment Prayer-book, in which this old master has ornamented the prayers with figures and decorations with the pen, more or less elucidating the text. Neureuther had no sooner obtained sight of this book, than he was impressed with a desire to produce a somewhat parallel work; he selected for his theme and text an old German popular song, the subject of which is the story of a knight who has seduced a young girl; she commits infanticide and then destroys herself; the knight, on the grave of both the victims, finally finds his own. The whole event, from the first meeting of the lovers to the tragic conclusion, is represented on a single plate, the scenes being very ingeniously connected, and the words, landscapes, flowers, and decorations, alternately following each other. Neureuther did not stop there; the first trial prompted to others. The artist had irresistibly been attracted by the charms of the near tract of mountains and high Alps; the masculine and attractive forms of their inhabitants, the rich and magnificent landscapes, had made a deep impression upon him, and proved an inexhaustible spring for new creations. The popular songs in that country, called "Schnaderhupferln," that is, "Schnittertaenze," or "Erndtegesaenge," (reapers' dances or harvest songs) are full of spirit, humour, sentimental and serious allusions; in short, full of poetry. Neureuther, on becoming acquainted with the real merit and nature of these poetical effusions, immediately selected them for the subject of his new style of conception and representation. He published a series of such *Schnaderhupferln* with marginal illustrations, which exhibited not only the contents of the songs, but the whole charming rustic life of the mountaineers; displaying at once their occupations and amusements in the fields, the woods, on the mountains; the plants, animals, inhabitants, and scenery—all represented with truth and surpassing sweetness.



The applause bestowed in these productions was universal. The demand for a further supply was general, and M. Martias, the celebrated traveller, gave him an order to execute two title-plates to his work on Brazil. This afforded an opportunity to the artist of exercising his talent in the representation of tropical vegetation, and the variety of new forms gave ample scope to his fancy. Meanwhile, the works in the Glyptotheca had been completed, and his pension being withdrawn, several of his friends advised him to abandon the style he had hitherto adopted, by which they were persuaded he could never attain to the rank of a high-class artist.

But Cornelius, well appreciating the rare talent of Neureuther, was of a different opinion, and exhorted him to persevere; and by way of encouragement employed him in the representation of a certain number of frescoes—trophies in the arcades of the Hofgarten (Palace garden), a work which Neureuther executed with superior spirit and taste; and he subsequently suggested to him the idea of decorating several songs of Göthe with marginal illustrations. He received this proposal with all the energy of his fancy and the power of his talent. A suitable selection was soon made, a series of designs finished, and a few plates lithographed. Cornelius, greatly pleased with this work, undertook to send it to Göthe. The illustrious poet received it with that ardour which is characteristic of genius, and which never forsook the ingenious mind of the great man, even in his old age. He wrote the following line to Neureuther:—

"Weimar, Sept. 23, 1828.

"Your plates contain so much of excellence that I will not begin to speak of them, being convinced I should not come to an end. You have succeeded in giving a happy emblematical expression to the lyric-epic character of the ballad, which most wonderfully accompanies each respective poem, like a sort of melody, and opens a new course to the imagination by means of an ideal reality. I only recommend you to throw into your work as much spirit and grace as possible, and thereby afford me an opportunity of extending my approval. But still more, I request you to persevere in this inexhaustible variety of subject; for by so doing you will share the honours of the poet, and confer both pleasure and reward on him. You will receive back again the designs, as soon as I shall have laid them before the whole Art-Union of Weimar, of which a few members are at present absent. I shall keep both the lithographed plates, for the purpose of exhibiting your talent to all whom I may meet, whether fellow-countrymen or strangers. Wishing you the greatest success in all your great undertakings.

"GÖTHE."

It is certain that the immediate connection with the greatest living genius of the nation, and his encouraging voice, became a powerful stimulus to an artist full of sentiment and energy. The series of Göthe's songs and ballads, which Neureuther afterwards published with marginal illustrations, belongs to the most beautiful and spirited works of which German art can boast, and it must not remain unnoticed, that Göthe's interest and pleasure not only were undiminished, but increased, by each succeeding plate, and produced at length a strong feeling of intimacy towards the artist, as expressed in the poet's words:—"I hope to give you at some suitable time the testimony that your marginal illustrations constitute, in my mind, one of those circumstances which make the fact of my having attained so old an age truly pleasing."

The year 1830, rendered eventful by the revolutionary movements on the continent, had some influence on the artist's future occupations. The songs of Göthe were illustrated; no new work had been planned, no favourable prospect lay before him; he therefore eagerly seized every opportunity of extending his sphere of action, which hitherto had only been confined to Munich and its environs. Cotta, the celebrated publisher, made him the proposal to go to Paris, for the purpose of commemorating the Revolution of July, by illustrations of the 'Marseillaise,' 'Parisienne,' &c., which were to be lithographed. Neureuther acceded to the request; but this undertaking was a complete failure; the serious subject formed an absolute contrast to his gay fancy; he traced a

multitude of groups where Art required but single figures; the compositions were crowded and confused, ornament was neglected, the designs were unpopular, and the plates were not allowed to be exhibited or sold in Munich; added to which, the artist, who was considered little less than a revolutionist, hardly escaped the dismal fate of having his illustrations to the "Allons enfants" produced as witnesses to his ultra-radical sentiments. Even Göthe appeared piqued; he declared to the artist that this excursion to Paris had deeply troubled him; and even at a later period, when Neureuther had abandoned this novel career, the poet could not wholly conceal his resentment.

In 1831, soon after an unproductive visit to Paris, Neureuther unexpectedly received intelligence that he was ordered by Leo Von Klenze, privy councillor and architect, to decorate a saloon in the Neue Kœnigsban with pictures and ornaments. Neureuther, recognising in this order the restitution of the favour of the King, readily accepted the work, and painted in the Saloon of the Queen a frieze, with representations from Wieland's "Oberon," superintending, at the same time, the rest of the decorations, executed in the style of Pompeiian mural paintings. About the same period, he married the daughter of the actress Cramer, and actually settled at Munich, on becoming what is termed a "Schutzverwandter" (citizen without landed property or estate). Meanwhile, his various illustrative publications had been abundantly successful, and his works were in great request, chiefly in consequence of his admirable skill in the treatment of opaque and water-colours becoming universally known. He was commissioned to execute an edition of Göthe's Songs, in the latter style of painting, for Franco Count Schoenborn (a liberal patron of the Fine Arts), for whom he had embellished Göthe's poem, "Herrmann and Dorothea" (a manuscript), with paintings on parchment, a work which was interrupted by the death of the count. The Munich Art-Union purchased several of his best plates, and requested him to produce the 'Dorn roeslein' (Eglantine rose), after the narrative in one of Grimm's popular German tales, the most beautiful and most curious of all Neureuther's ornamental designs. He had long before conceived the idea of giving full scope to his own imagination and humour, instead of following the poet; or, in other words, to speak in images like a poet himself. The Munich Art-Union desired, as an annual present to be distributed among the members, a large etched plate. This gave a most favourable opportunity to the artist of trying the highest powers of his skill, both in his own peculiar style and in that of architectural forms, which he made use of in this work to a very great extent. The tale, which resembles our English story of the "Sleeping Beauty," relates that a king's daughter, in consequence of a prophesy, made at her birth, being wounded by the spindle of an old woman, fell asleep, together with every living being in the palace, which was surrounded by impenetrable clusters of rose-hedges; many knights attempted in vain to pierce them, till the charm

was broken by a king's son. Neureuther exhibits the interior of the palace. The King and Queen, with their daughter, are seen in the foreground of the apartment fast asleep; the same charm holds every living creature, in the house and court, in the kitchen and chamber: the groom is in the act of rubbing down a horse, the kitchen-maid is stripping a fowl, the cook chastising the scullion, when they are overtaken by the drowsy god: even the sparrow on the roof, and the tom-cat, are not exempt from the same influence. In the tower is discovered the old spinster soundly asleep, and round about are overgrowing thorns and roses, with the knights entangled in them: all these are represented with an abundance of humour, wit, truth, and variety of character.

After the completion of this plate, in 1837, Neureuther made a journey to Italy, visiting especially Rome and its environs. Of all the charms which the 'Eternal City' could offer him, none had more power over his fancy than the beauty of the Roman villas, and he conceived the plan of publishing a series of views of them in connection with a representation of the Roman popular life. He made a large number of studies for this purpose, and if, as it is to be expected, this undertaking should be realized, the friends of Art will find in them much to commend and please. The increasing interest of the public in Neureuther's works induced Von Cotta, the publisher, to employ him in the publication of several ancient works, particularly the Nibelungen Lied, for which Neureuther, Julius Schnorr, and Von Carolsfeld, furnished the drawings; and also, the 'Cid' of Herder, 'Götz Von Berlichengen' of Göthe, &c. The grand 'Künstlerfest' (artist's festivity) in Munich, in 1840, when the periods of the Emperor Maximilian I. and Albert Durer were ingeniously represented, induced Neureuther to execute a grand fanciful picture, containing the principal features of the festival, which he repeated in an admirable etching for the Nuremberg Art-Union. Meanwhile, he published several single plates, etchings, and lithographs in separate numbers, for which sometimes a serious poem, sometimes an incident of his own life, or a humorous idea, formed the foundation. For the Munich Art-Union he etched, in 1845, a large plate, the 'Waldfraeulin' (the Nymph or Lady of the Wood) of Zedlitz, in some degree a pendant to 'Dorn roeslein,' but partaking much more of a landscape subject: this is a very fine plate. When the citizens of Augsburg, in unison with the inhabitants of the province, of which this city is the capital, determined on making a nuptial present to the Crown-Prince of Bavaria, of a grand table ornament, they selected Neureuther, whose chief purpose it had now become TO INFLUENCE INDUSTRIAL ART, to execute the design. This work, modelled after his drawings, and under his own inspection, was cast in silver, and partly gilt: it represents Hohenschwangau Castle, which was restored by the Prince for his summer residence. Silver swans are swimming in a basin, which is kept filled by secret channels. Beneath is a rocky cave, with gnomes forging arms, and water-nymphs in sportive play; above these is a small island, with a multitude of figures, alluding to Hohenschwangau Castle; a column, over which numerous plants climb, is surmounted by a crowned swan. Neureuther made a very fine and complete etching of this work in the beginning of 1846. He has also begun a work of greater extent—illustrations of German popular tales.

As Fancy, carried from idea to idea, is by far the most predominant faculty in the mind of Neureuther, oil-painting, with its material means, requiring deep thought and much study, does not correspond with his genius; he has, nevertheless, occasionally attempted it, but always returns with infinite pleasure to the sphere of art most congenial to him. Both his hands are alike skilful, but he principally works with his left.

All the qualities of the character of Neureuther are concentrated in benevolence; he is capable of making the greatest sacrifices to those whom friendship or fate have recommended to him, and of rendering service to all his friends by means of his art. He is candid, sincere, and amiable in disposition; courteous and modest in his deportment; full of natural humour and wit; he is, therefore, affectionately cherished and highly respected by all who know him. F.

CARVED SPOONS.—THE WORK OF MR. W. G. ROGERS.

THE beauty of form of which a spoon is susceptible, seems to have struck the ornamentalist at a very remote epoch. Among the relics of Egyptian art at present existing, none are more elegant than the cedar and ivory spoons, decorated with the lotus, and sometimes bearing a figure of Harpocrates. These are to be seen in the Louvre, the British Museum, and particularly in the Cabinet of B. Hertz, Esq. Roman spoons in bronze, are met with, simply, but beautifully, adorned. It remained, however, for the artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to introduce the richest design and most elaborate finish into this object of daily use. And although during the middle

ages, spoons for private and religious purposes were produced of surpassing excellence, chiefly in metal; they cannot vie with the numerous artistic specimens which the Renaissance called into being, and which were principally in carved wood, and intended as birthday presents and baptismal offerings. Of such a character is the annexed example, elaborately wrought in boxwood by Mr. Rogers, and the type of one presented last year to H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, on the 9th of November. Its style is Italian, of the character which flourished for the most part between A.D. 1500 and 1550. In the upper part of the composition, is a grotesque mask, bordered by two cornucopiæ. The shaft is octagonally fluted, and terminates in a scallopped bowl, over which a leaf is thrown, and the label which appears above it is surmounted by dolphins.

ENGLISH CARRIAGES.*

By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, the inconvenience of travelling continued unabated by improvements; and to this annoyance all were obliged to submit. Mr. Markland, in his interesting paper, published in the twentieth volume of the "Archæologia," has given an extraordinary instance of this. He says:—"In December, 1703, Charles, King of Spain, slept at Petworth, on his way from Portsmouth to Windsor, and Prince George of Denmark went to meet him there.— We set out (as one of the attendants relates) at six o'clock in the morning, to go for Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas hard service for the Prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day without eating anything, and passing through the worst ways that I ever saw in my life. We were thrown but once, indeed, in going, but both our coach (which was the leading one) and his highness's body-coach would have suffered very often, if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalmin almost to Petworth; and the nearer we approached to the duke's house the more unaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours' time to conquer them, and indeed we had never done it if our good master had not several times lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were enabled to trace out the way for him. They made us believe that the several grounds we croat, and his grace's park, would alleviate the fatigue; but I protest I could hardly perceive any difference between them and the common roads.†

"In the time of Charles, surnamed the proud Duke of Somerset, who died in 1748, the roads in Sussex were in so bad a state (as I am informed by an intelligent correspondent) that in order to arrive at Guildford from Petworth, persons were obliged to make for the nearest point of the great road leading from Portsmouth to London. This was a work of so much difficulty as to occupy the whole day, and the duke had a house at Guildford, which was regularly occupied as a resting place for the night by any part of his family travelling to London. A MS. letter from a servant of the duke's, dated from London, and addressed to another at Petworth, acquaints the latter that his grace intended to go from London thither on a certain day, and directs that 'the keepers and persons who knew the holes and the sloughs, must come to meet his grace with lanthorns and long poles to help him on his way.'"

Thus far Mr. Markland. It would be no difficult matter to add other instances of the inconveniences and delays of travel at this period. The whole "appliances and means to boot" used for locomotion at this period were equally bad. The coaches were as heavy to move as the roads were difficult to pass over. Our first cut illustrates the ordinary fashion of the carriage of the time, when stateliness was chiefly considered, and as many footmen carried behind as could be conveniently borne; two, three, and four of these useless encumbrances generally appeared, while on state occasions the absurd number of six hung on behind, clasping each other's waists; an uncomfortable mob, and a living satire on the pride which hired and supported such cumbrous adjuncts.

From the same print which has furnished us with this example of the pomposity of high life in the reign of Anne, we borrow another and more curious example. The print represents the procession of both Houses of Parliament to Saint Paul's Cathedral, July 7, 1713, to return public thanksgiving for the Peace of Utrecht. Our second cut is still more remarkable than the first for the quantity of useless footmen about it; and for the ingenious and dangerous manner in which a fifth is added to the four who are so uncomfortably crammed behind, and who is seated in a most uneasy and tottering position upon the axletree in front. This procession exhibits several carriages similarly constructed, and thrown back upon the hind wheels, probably that the indolence of their occupants might be accommodated by the angle at which they were hung.

The sort of carriage used for travelling by the nobility in the reign of George I. and II. may be seen in our third cut. It still retains the old form, carries two footmen and a coachman, has six horses, the foremost of which is ridden by a postilion, with heavy jack boots and spurs, and is preceded by a running footman, carrying a gold-headed cane. These latter attendants on aristocracy were derived from the East, and kept before the horses, on the pretence of clearing the way. They were gaily attired in clothes of value; and an amusing story is related of a sharper who tricked the Duke of Queensberry, by applying to him for such a situation, dressing himself in a costly suit, and satisfying his unsuspecting grace of his fitness for the situation by running up Piccadilly until he fairly outstripped the horses, and decamped with the clothes he wore. These men, may, however, be generally considered to have filled the place of the modern coach-dog; being about as useful, and not quite so ornamental. They disappeared in the reign of George the Third.

The heavy clumsiness of the coaches, used by country gentlemen are often alluded to by the novelists and other writers of this period. They remained in a family for an age, and were new covered from time to time. Browne Willis, the eccentric antiquary, had one thus described:—"The chariot of Mr. Willis was so singular, that from it he was called himself *the old chariot*. It was his wedding chariot, and had his arms on brass plates about it, not unlike a coffin, painted black." His acquaintance, Dr. Darrell, humourously satirised it in one stanza of "an excellent ballad to the tune of Chevy Chase," intended as a good-natured joke on Willis; and which runs thus:—

"His car himself he did provide
To stand in double stead;
That it should carry him alive,
And bury him when dead."

A lighter kind of conveyance was now introduced, capable of being drawn by one horse, as delineated in our fourth cut, and carrying generally one person, or at most, two with a squeeze. The body of this carriage had a reclining slope, like that in use in Anne's reign, as already exhibited in our second cut; but it must have been a miserable conveyance, without springs, and pulled only by a single horse, upon which the driver sits, in order to save the weight of a box-seat. Such was the carriage in use by the middle-classes on ordinary occasions.

The Sedan Chair still was used by the nobility and gentry, particularly in London, on such occasions as visits to theatres or public places, or the levees at St. James's, &c. For this purpose they were constantly kept in very general demand, although the inconvenience produced by a mob of chairmen was great, and disputes for precedence occasionally violent. There is a curious paragraph in "Mist's Journal" of Saturday, July 8, 1721, which would read uncommonly curious in a modern paper, and which forcibly depicts the great change of manners a century and a quarter has produced. We are told—"On Thursday sen'night, the right honourable, the Lord Carteret, one of Majestie's principal secretaries of state, passing through St. James's Square in a chair was met by the Lady Harley in another; when a dispute arising between the footmen about giving the way, they immediately came to blows, and the chairmen and footmen being engaged with their poles and sticks, one of them struck his lordship as he was getting out of his chair; but whether accidentally or designedly we know not. In the meantime, that person is committed to Newgate, and three of his brethren are bound over to the next session."

A chair of the better kind, as used about 1750, is given in our fifth cut; it is richly decorated with brass chasing and bunches of tassels. It realises the description of Swift:—

"Box'd in his chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din,
The leather sounds;—he trembles from within!"

These private chairs were furnished with crimson velvet cushions and damask curtains; and the chairmen, generally sturdy Milesians, were gaily adorned in aristocratic liveries. The public sedans were of plain leather, with brass nails, as seen in Hogarth's plate of the Rake's Progress, exhibiting

* Concluded from page 160. On page 158, the name of Queen Elizabeth's coachman has been mis-spelt; it should be William Boonen.

† "Annals of Queen Anne." London, 1704, vol. 2. Appendix.

his hero going to a levee at St. James's. "The hackney-chairmen exerted the power of the strong arm, and were often daring enough, as a body, to

influence the fate of Westminster and Middlesex elections, in the terror which they produced with fist and bludgeon. But they are gone. No Belinda now may be proud of

"Two pages and a chair."

They glide not amongst the chariot wheels at levee or drawing-room. The clubs want them not. They have retired to Bath and Oxford. We believe there is one chair still lingering about May Fair; but the chairmen must be starving. The Society of Antiquaries ought to buy the relic.*"

The coach of 1750 may be seen in our sixth cut; and it may be considered as the last and most approved of the old fashion, for modern necessities soon afterwards drove out these clumsy formalities, and introduced lighter vehicles, under various names—an improvement which made slower marches on the continent than in this country.

Mr. W. B. Adams, in his excellent "History of Pleasure Carriages," has noted the clumsiness and inconvenience of early continental ones in these words:—"In 1631, Mary, Infanta of Spain, rode in Carinthia in a glass carriage, in which no more than two persons could sit. The wedding carriage of the first wife of the emperor Leopold (1658), who was also a Spanish princess, cost, together with the harness, 38,000 florins: the carriages of the emperor himself are thus described by Kirk:—'In the imperial coaches no great magnificence was to be seen; they were covered over with red cloth and black nails. The harness was black, and in the whole work there was no gold. The panels were of glass, and on this account they were called the imperial glass coaches. On festivals the harness was ornamented with silk fringe. The imperial coaches were distinguished by their having leather traces: but the ladies of the imperial suite were obliged to be contented with carriages, the traces of which were made of ropes.'

"Poor France still continued at a distance, as may be inferred from the fact, that as late as the reign of Louis XIII. (1620) a woman was accustomed to go to court masked and hooded, jogging behind a man on horseback! The first attempt at a common usage of covered wheel-carriages among the Parisian citizens occurred at this time, in the introduction of a vehicle called *Brouette*, or *Roulette*. The body of this was like a sedan chair placed upon two wheels, and was dragged by men. The proprietors of sedans interfered to have them

prohibited. For a while they were forbidden, but were permitted in 1669, and in 1671 they were in general usage amongst the people. Dupin, the inventor of these *brouettes*, found means to contrive them so that their motion was tolerably easy; and his ingenuity concealed his art so well, or rather the Parisian mechanics of that time had so little of enterprise or curiosity, that he was the only one who made them."

These *Brouettes*, *Roulettes*, or, as they were sometimes termed by way of derision, *Vinaigrettes*, were introduced in this country, and occasionally usurped the place of sedans. They were originally without springs, but were ultimately improved, and their appearance about 1760 may be seen in our seventh cut. The man in front supports the poles by a leather strap, and two uprights support them when he ceases to hold. The machine is steadied and propelled by a man behind. In one or two London parishes a similar contrivance is used to remove sick paupers.

About 1750, great improvements were made in carriages; and a more commodious, airy, and comfortable summer coach appeared. This was the barouche, the upper portion of which could be turned down at pleasure; a fashion combining free circulation of air and unconfined vision with lightness of construction. It met with immediate adoption, and its form in 1767, may be seen in our eighth cut, copied from a print which satirises the follies of the day; among which, this convenient mode of riding is classed, after the ordinary fashion of moralists, who generally contrive to be on the safe side, by condemning every new thing. This group is declared to represent "British nobility *disguised*."

With regard to public conveyances for hire, whether hackney or stage-coaches, a great disregard to comfort and economy of time was shown. Added to which, the number of street robberies

at the commencement of this century was so great as to render them dangerous. The Postman of Oct. 19, 1728, observes, "the persons authorized by Government to employ men to drive Hackney-coaches, have made great complaints for the want of trade, occasioned by the increase of street-robbers; so that people, especially of an evening, chuse rather to walk than ride in a coach, on account that they are in a readier posture to defend themselves, or call out for help if attacked." There were other dangers also to apprehend, from those who hired chaises, which were looked at with fear and trembling by the proprietors of the heavy hackney-coaches, as may be seen by the following curious passage in "Malcolm's Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London," quoted from "The Weekly Register" of Dec. 8, 1733—"Those honest City Tradesmen and others, who so lovingly carry their wives and mistresses to the neighbouring villages in chaises, to regale them on a Sunday, are seldom sensible of the great inconveniences and dangers they are exposed to, for besides the common accidents of the road, there are a set of regular rogues kept constantly in pay to incommode them in their passage; and there are the drivers of what are called waiting jobs, and other Hackney travelling coaches, with sets of horses, who are commissioned by their masters to annoy, sink, and destroy, all the single and double horse chaises they can conveniently meet with or overtake in their way, without regard to the lives or limbs of the persons who travel in them. What havoc these industrious sons of blood and wounds have made within twenty miles

of London, in the compass of a Summer's season, is best known by the articles of accidents in the newspapers; the miserable shrieks of women and children not being sufficient to deter the villains from doing what they call their duty to their masters; for, besides their daily or weekly wages, they have an extraordinary stated allowance, for every chaise they can reverse, ditch, or *bring by the road*, as the term or phrase is." The writer adds:—"I have been credibly informed that many of the coachmen and postilions belonging to the gentry, are seduced by the masters of the travelling-coaches to involve themselves in the guilt of this monstrous iniquity, and have certain fees for dismounting persons on single horses, and overturning chaises, when it shall suit with their convenience to do it with safety (that is, within the verge of the law), and in case of an action or indictment, if the master or mistress will not stand by their servant, and believe the mischief was merely accidental, the offender is then defended by a general contribution from all the stage-coach masters within the bills of mortality." Such a state of things as this can scarcely be credited in the present day, when a more effective system of police is in operation; but similar insolences from persons who professed to *accommodate* the public was submitted to a century ago.

The streets, too, were occasionally left in a state of disgraceful neglect; vaults and sewers were opened, and notice of danger only given by a wretched rushlight, frequently blown out, and the coach and passengers engulphed, as thus described by Gay:—

"Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws,
'Oer the mud pavement, heapy rubbish grows,
Or arched vaults their gapy jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common shores descend;
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket, dies,
Ere night has half rolled round her ebon throne:
In the wide gulf the shattered coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds: the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke."

The old clumsy stage-coach, with its heavy

lading, may be seen in Hogarth's "Country Inn Yard," and we give a copy of another, from a print of 1750, which still more clearly depicts this 'leathern convenience;' the heavy boot in front, and the equally clumsy coachman, buried beneath

* Knight's "London," vol. i. p. 31.

his coat and apron, the overloaded top upon which the cheap traveller reclines in as precarious a position as possible; the basket behind in which travellers sit as they best can, and which would make a fat farmer look like Falstaff in the buck basket; and from which hangs trunks and packages of every form and size; render the stories of slow travelling perfectly credible, however monstrous they appear now to us. Forty years ago six miles an hour was reckoned fair speed for a stage-coach; and gentry, sometimes, even rode in the waggon, which had also a place set apart for travellers, and the many adventures there met with are among the most amusing scenes in the novels of Smollet and Fielding. When M. Sorbeire, a Frenchman of letters, came to England in the reign of Charles II., for the purpose of being introduced to the King and visiting our most distinguished literary and scientific characters; he says:—"That I might not take post, or be obliged to use the stage-coach, I went from Dover to London in a waggon; it was drawn by six horses, one before another, and drove by a waggoner, who walked by the side of it. He was clothed in black, and appointed in all things like another St. George; he had a brave mounteror on his head, and was a merry fellow, fancied he made a figure, and seemed mightily pleased with himself." Mr. W. B. Adams, in his already quoted "History of Pleasure-carriages," has given some curious particulars of early stage-coaches, as follows:—

A gentlemen writing to his father in 1673, says, "I got to London on Saturday last. My journey was noe ways pleasant, being forced to ride in the boote all the way; ye company yt came up with me were persons of great quality, as knights and ladies. My journey's expense was 30s. This travel hath so indisposed mee, yt I am resolved never to ride up again in ye coach." Mr. Adams, who quotes this passage from the "Archaeologia," adds:—"It may be inferred from the foregoing extract that the journey from Lancashire required some days for its performance; but even this rate of travelling had its impeders amongst the objectives." The writer of a tract in the "Harleian Miscellany," 1673, deprecates "the multitude of stage-coaches and carriages now travelling on the roads," and advises parliament to interfere to suppress them, "especially those within fifty or sixty miles of London." He recommends the others being obliged to travel with one set of horses, and to be limited to thirty miles in summer, and twenty-five in winter, *per diem*. Although the legislature was too wise to adopt the recommendation of this "slow coach;" locomotive conveyance made for some time only a tortoise-like progression. So formidable an affair was the undertaking a journey reckoned, that even from Birmingham to London, a departure was a signal for making a will, followed by a solemn farewell of wife, children, and household! Slow travelling, and a correspondent tardiness of other arrangements, continued to a much later period than might be imagined; and we read advertisements for "that remarkable swift travelling coach, the Fly, which leaves Birmingham on Mondays, and reaches London on the Thursday following."

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, improvements began to take place. In "Wood's Diary," mention is made of a machine which completed the journey between Oxford and London in thirteen hours! The outcry lessened, and the imperfect vehicles and bad roads were left to passengers unmolested. What the latter were, may be imagined from the fact already alluded to, that when Charles III. of Spain visited England, and Prince George of Denmark went out to meet him, both princes were so impeded by the badness, of the roads, that their carriages were obliged to be borne on the shoulders of the peasantry, and they were six hours in performing the last nine miles of their journey!

During the eighteenth century, improvements were very gradually made in carriages, and but little progress in the rate of travelling. So late as 1760, a journey from Edinburgh to London occupied eighteen days, a part of the roads being only accessible by pack-horses.

The insolence and dishonesty of the people employed in the management of these conveyances, far outdid the doings of modern cabmen. In 1733, a writer quoted by Malcolm, declares that "those Hackney gentlemen have by their overgrown insolence obliged the Government to take notice of them, and make laws for their regulation. The particular saucy, impudent, behaviour of the coachmen in demanding the other *twelver* or *tester* above their fare, has been the occasion of innumerable quarrels, fighting, and abuses; affronting gentlemen, frighting and insulting women; and such rudenesses, that no civil government will, or indeed

ought to, suffer; and above all, has been the occasion of killing several coachmen, by gentlemen that have been provoked by the villainous tongues of those fellows beyond the extent of their patience. Their intolerable behaviour has rendered them so contemptible and odious in the eyes of all degrees of people whatever, that there is more joy seen for one Hackney-coachman going to the gallows, than for a dozen highwaymen and street-robbers."

It will not be within the province of our remarks to notice the many varieties of carriages that were invented or modified from older inventions towards the close of the last century; the more particularly as prints or drawings of such are to be easily obtained. The coach and chariot were the same in principle; the original one-horse gig of 1754, is seen in our tenth cut, which soon underwent changes both of form and name, and was called Tilbury, Stanhope, Whiskey, Dennett, and Buggy, as the case might be. The French *Desobligeant*, immortalised by Sterne, in his "Sentimental Journey," carried one person only, and was like the fourth of our illustrations. The American *Sulkies* are of the same construction. The original Barouche we have engraved, the Landau was only a variety, and the Landaulet still smaller.

The original Phaeton is too remarkable a monstrosity to pass over without cut or comment; and the last of our series of illustrations depicts its form. It came into use in 1760, and enjoyed great popularity with sporting young men, and "high-flyers." Mr. Adams says of it:—"To sit on such a seat when the horses were going at much speed, would require as much skill as is evinced by a ropedancer at the theatre. None but an extremely robust constitution could stand the violent jolting of such a vehicle over the stones of a paved street." The same writer comments on its ugliness and bad construction very severely. The height and insecurity of the springs, the ugly box in front, and the unsightly open one for servants behind, the tottering danger of the seatholders, who reached their elevation by

means of a ladder, which was, in some instances, permamently fixed to the side; all rendered it inconvenient and dangerous. It was still received with much favour among the "bucks and bloods" who loved display; and thought the risk of a neck nothing in comparison with a dashing equipage, calculated to make the groundlings stare. It came into fashion under the highest auspices, and was the favourite driving carriage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King George the Fourth. When the novelty of the thing had ceased, and common sense returned, it was gradually lowered, until the Phaeton assumed a convenient form, like that we now see.

We must refer such of our readers as wish to see the more modern forms of carriages to the work by Mr. Adams, already quoted, where engravings and descriptions will be found—the

object of these papers being that of bringing together from various sources a series of engravings illustrative of the forms assumed by various locomotive machines from the earliest period in England until the end of the last century; no such series of illustrations having hitherto appeared in any work. It has been intended to facilitate the artist who may occasionally want to introduce such things in an historical, narrative, or fancy picture; and this being the object in view it has been necessary only to elucidate them by a narrative of the state of locomotion in England as exhibited in contemporary accounts, ballads, or satires. A mere dry dated history was not a necessary thing; nor does it come within our province or that of this journal to enter into more modern detail.

A general review of the three papers we have devoted to this subject, and a glance over the three dozen illustrations with which the descriptions are elucidated, will show the curious construction and very varied form assumed by carriages of all kinds from the earliest period to which we can refer in this country. Their origin may be traced by this means to the classic nations of antiquity, and it is by means incurious to trace their after changes to the necessities of a more extended system of civilization and convenience, which altered their form from the merely necessitous to the luxurious in construction. Each period thus adopted that style of carriage in accordance with its wants, and a knowledge of their varied form is necessary to the artist who would study *Costume* in its widest sense. In a future series of papers we shall in a similar way illustrate the varieties of shipping used in this country, beginning at an early period, and tracing their history down.

MIDSUMMER EVE; A FAIRY TALE OF LOVE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART THE SEVENTH.

WELL might Nightstar triumph in her pupil; well might she exclaim to Honeybell, "See—behold! this is my work; could all your worldly wisdom have achieved an end so high? The maiden's influence has extended even below the waters of her native lakes; and, bowing to the power with which I endowed her, rather than to the justice that sought to wake him from his heavy slumbers, O'Donoghue has banished from his realm the Kelpie and her court. She has strength no longer to work Eva harm—so long as she treads the land of the Shamrock and the Harp."

"Go on," said Honeybell.

"In childhood, she was the idol of the poor; now those who pride themselves on the ten or twelve descents they number—sands that sparkle in their fleeting centuries—vie with each other to tempt the maiden of the cottage to their halls; they send gay equipages to wile her from her sadness; and speak of her beauty, and her song—as if no one had ever beauty or song like hers. These children of earth cannot appreciate the noble essence which, like the honey in the flower-cup, may be cherished beneath the humblest blossoms. The ruby lip—the polished brow—the swan-like dignity—the seraph eyes—the voice, which even we echo with rapture—have alone enslaved them."

"As long as they last," murmured Honeybell; "while we joy in perpetual youth, looking old only when we have a purpose to work out: how shocking to look old in reality!"

"The essence, mysterious in its birth as in its departure—for it knows no death," replied Nightstar, "is never old; and though they know it not, it is the purity of this immortal portion which commands more than the usual homage paid to woman. She exerts it, unconsciously, over all who look upon her—for their good, rather than her own glory."

"And yet," interrupted Honeybell, "what will it all end in? Why all this rout about her, when you will not let her profit by it? I grant my once great interest in Sidney; but we cannot continue feeling interest in men we never see; they pass away from memory just like this—" and she blew the farina off a flower, while her courtiers endeavoured to avoid its contact.

"Gold can be refined but by fire," said Nightstar.

"I am no alchemist," answered Honeybell; "but I know that if, after all the sympathy the orphan of the Dovecote has excited; if, after all the attention she has received, you send her forth to struggle through poverty with her first love, you are more cruel than I thought you!"

"Honeybell, you never will comprehend me."

"Nightstar, I never can!"

"Some evil is at hand: I foresee it and will avert it; I know it is at hand, for, just as the moon rose upon the night that is now over us, I saw the frightful PHOOCA, the enemy of all good, riding in triumph over the scenes we love so well; and which she, the mortal we protect, still hallows by her

presence. We must be astir, my fair sister, for danger threatens her this day—not her heart! not her mind!—they will be firm, amid all trials, all perils, all temptations; firmer than the cromleach that has stood for ages in Dunloe, which a touch can move, but an earthquake cannot shake from the base that props it. Knowing Eva, as you do," continued the Air-Queen, "I am astonished you could so completely misunderstand her nature, as to suppose her capable of change. I saw the renewal of her faith, as the grass grew green over her mother's grave, for though Sidney came not; yet there was no wavering in her love—no changing in her faith; that faith is her happiness; she values what you value, as I do—as nought. Honeybell, you are not listening."

"I am, indeed; only tell me something new," replied the heedless fairy.

"Am I not telling you—here, beneath the moonbeams—of mortal constancy," quoth Nightstar. "Now, do attend my story for a moment. One who is good as well as great, suddenly sent Sidney to where, long ago, we flourished, till driven thence by superstition and its train of crimes—to fair and fervent Italy, to catch still more the painter's inspiration; a most noble ART—for so men call it; lauding thus, the NATURE, in which we move; for Art is only perfect when it copies Nature most.

"Nightstar," quoth Honeybell, gravely; "can we not decoy one of these painters to our court?"

"May the moon shine on ye more brightly, my sweetest sister! Why, they know every nook of Fairyland; they copy us on their canvas: it is by their genius the herd of common mortals know us so well. They sweep away the mists from history, and illumine truth; they give life, for all the purposes of life, to heroes of old times; they make the present of the past, and foredoom the future; they set high deeds on high—of freedom, virtue, charity, patriotism, loyalty; they preach great sermons without words; they are mighty teachers of the multitude—for the eye of man accepts what the ear refuses; they make the common rugged surface whereon they work, to discourse of powers that have moved the world; they bring gay foreign lands into the compass of a narrow room; they move a forest; the green verdant lawns—the flowery meads—the vistas—the blue hills and babbling brooks—they carry them into the very hearts of crowded cities, so that poor panting, care-worn, mortals look upon them, and renew their youth."

"Do they build temples for these men?" inquired Honeybell, who was a great lover of justice.

"Neither *for* them, nor *to* them," replied Nightstar; "they seem to care but little how they live, knowing they prepare a noble mausoleum to their own names, to which, when they are dead, all men bow down in worship. Do you listen? Sidney departed suddenly—he, not receiving Geraldine's last letter, knew nothing of Eva's loss, until another letter followed him to Rome, in fond reply to one he wrote to her. In the brightness of her pure, unselfish love, she bade him not to think of her, but journey on—gathering health and knowledge in that bright-skyed country: that she was not alone, but would wait his return, remaining lady of the Dovecote until then."

"How many moons since?"

"Seven, or nine, I know not which; I cannot learn their count of time."

"And you say all the attention lavished upon her, by those who journey miles to pay it, has moved her to no new fantasy!"

"To nothing I could blame, were she the spirit of a star!"

"It is curious—very curious," mused the Queen; "and she not rich, yet with refinement, and a zeal for good."

"Good is ever done by rich and poor, if there be the will," replied Nightstar; "few things have ever joyed me more than the perfectness of this creature—so truly high, and yet so lowly-minded."

"Well, well," said Honeybell: "one wearies of perfection, as one does of moonshine. I am sometimes so glad when the broad-faced moon stares herself to death, and goes right out; the dancing, trembling, winking stars, that sparkle in heaven's high arch, delight me most. I hardly see the same, two following nights; and if I do, I know them not. I love to watch them shooting to the earth, and fly to see where they have fallen. If a maiden catches a falling star, and keeps it, she is sure of her lover's faith! Know you that, sister?"

Nightstar smiled, but there was sadness in her smile.

"You were triumphing just now," observed Honeybell, "and now you do not heed our sportive elves. Look at yonder imps of mine: they are mimicking the loves of earth's poor children: wooing, where there is no heavier trouble than the dew-drop that weighs down the petals of the sheltering rose. Your favourite, Randy, is watching them from his old quarters in the garden, thinking himself asleep: how you have endowed that mortal. I suppose you will take him altogether to Fairy-land ere long; but you are not heeding: you are gazing into futurity—what see you there?"

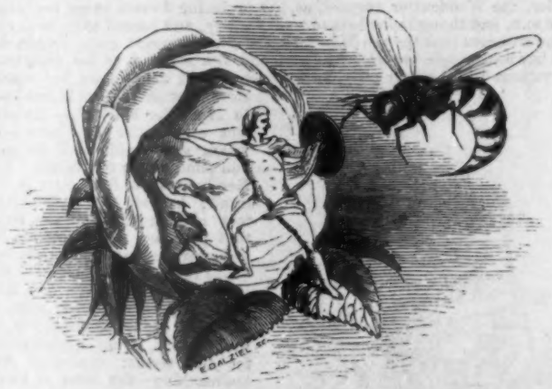
"A trial—hard to endure for her I guard," replied Nightstar; "it approaches from a far land—a speck, an atom, the veriest shadow! but it will gain strength and power as it comes on—still," she added, with an air of triumph; "I nothing fear; nothing can change her

now, stablished, as she is, in virtue! Our next great festival—our Midsummer—will be with us soon; for the tender leaves, so lightly tinged with colour, as they burst through the pale-brown shelter of their parent twigs, are grown into a hardy green; the hawthorn buds are swelling; the swallows of the old gable have long since come; and the feathered choir are there, in fullest tune; there are nests in every bush and tree; and as I peeped at a green-finch, I saw she had hatched her young; the wheat grows

tall and strong, and the oat and the barley put forth their spiral leaves; the blossom of the nut is dropping off, leaving the germ it sheltered to grow and ripen; the insects stir in the long grass; and——"

"Enough!" said Honeybell; "my bees have been busy gathering honey all day, and labour renders them lazy steeds by night. We must away, good sister, to *our* nests in the flowers and THE HOLLOW TREES, or to the disguises that perplex the minds of mortals. Where shall we meet again? When the weather was chill and the nights were dark we had light and music of our own in the halls of Ard-Flesk, and in many time-honoured but deserted mansions; but when summer is with us, I'm for the green-wood—the arched bays where the silver sands glisten, and the waters carry our songs to bards of other lands. We must away; for the morning light is breaking over lofty Carran Tuel. Come to the hollow trees; away; for the bird that ever knows when morning is at hand is trimming his wings; anon, he will sing his matin song."

"Aye, look!" exclaimed Nightstar; "look at yon red streak, heralding the sun: we must, indeed, away; my eyes ache with the rapid brightness which floods the sky. Away! The busy hum of earth is beginning about us; and as the earliest herald of evils that come with day, look at yonder WASP SO SOON ASTIR FOR MISCHIEF—awake to disturb in others the repose he cannot himself enjoy. He will not be the only one, ere Midsummer passes, to feel a sting sharper than his own."



"'Twas as fine a sight as ever I saw," quoth Randy, as, waking, he stretched himself and looked towards the scene of fairy-meeting. "'Twas a mighty fine gathering intirely, as I could wish to see: people talk of having grate imagination and fancy, but they never could fancy those things, rushing like the four winds, from—who knows where!—aye, that's it. Where do they come from? Where do they go? If their home was in the stars, they'd be far too happy up there, sparkling in the deep blue sky, that has neither beginning nor end—to come down to this troublesome pilgrimage of a world, where smiles are finished with tears, and the dance ends in the coffin! Oh, wirah, wirah! the longer we live the more we see of it; and yet we don't wish to lave it: that's just for want of faith in where we're to go to! I've hunted ruins, and mosses, and in old trees, and deep caves—over and through the Holy Island of Innisfallen, down in the mines of Ross, high and low—in flower-bells and under broad leaves, in mountains, and beside the streams that make music on their way, but I never could make out one of the good people in the day light—in the night, they give me no rest; it is Randy here, and Randy there, and Randy everywhere with them; and sometime or other they'll end by taking Randy altogether; and I did'nt care, for if it wasn't for the child-stealing, there's no harm in the craythurs—only for Miss Eva—that's all—that's the only thing. I thought awhile ago, how much I'd like to be with them, and go share in their little innocent ways, drinking dew out of flowers, playing at hide and seek with the moonbeams, and making love in roses! I see it all! and yet there's some poor unenlightened creatures who would as good as tell me I had not the sight of my own eyes, or the use of my own senses; they would swear all I saw and heard over there was only a drame, or think me bewitched or crazy! They say if the good people were always about Miss Eva she'd see them. Why, so she does, many a time. SHE LOOKS NIGHTSTAR FULL IN THE FACE, and does not know it!" and then he walked

carefully from one flower-pot to another, delighting in keeping everything in order as it was when (to use his own expression) "the poor mistress went away." Eva would not have a flower touched that her mother had planted; and it was great pleasure when her favourites grew and flourished. "There's twice as many daffodills this spring as there was last, Miss, dear," he had said, when Eva was about to depart on a visit to the vicarage; and the snowdrops are as thick as hail—a lucky sign, agra!

'When plants increase
Our troubles cease,'

and I never saw the earth so tangled with violets—white and blue! You could be lost in them, dear; and a wonderful promise of cherries and roses. I wish all them fine ladies and gentlemen wouldn't keep you away from the Dovecote: and though Keeldar's very civil when you're in it, he's too proud to stay with the likes of me, when you're wanting; and, jewel, you're not half as rosy or as happy-looking as you used to be. Ah, avourneen deelish, you go too often to THE CHURCHYARD, mourning over the one grave—where the sweetest herbs and flowers of spring and summer always grow. Now,

don't be angry with your poor Randy—don't, dear! only where's the good of it? She'd hear you just as ready from this as to sit there on the grass that's long now. Cry as loud as we will, dear, there's no answer from the grave; none that we can hear with our ears, though there is a voice comes to our heart, after much weeping, to comfort us!" and then, seeing Eva in tears, he would reproach himself bitterly, and, to change the subject, speak of Sidney; that would produce almost as much emotion, until, in despair, he would overwhelm her with accounts of a new brood of chickens, or amuse her with stories of the wonderful sagacity of a calf Kitty was rearing, or tell her of the steadiness with which every child in the village attended school, 'because they knew she would like it.' Eva never considered anything 'trivial' that proved how much she was beloved; and when she left the cottage which she could not bear to resign, and yet could

not endure to remain in—recalling, as it did, during the long solitary hours, all the happiness she had enjoyed therein—she told Randy she would return before her next birthday.

Midsummer was at hand—the Woodcutter appeared to have forgotten all things connected with it—save that it was HER birth-day; while Kitty wept unceasingly that the anniversary of her dear lady's death was so near. No one ever thought of calling Eva 'the young mistress,' her authority was altogether of a different kind from that which the term implies: she was, in the poetic feeling and phraseology of the country, 'the worlds darling,' 'the Flower of the Lakes,' 'the Rose of Mucross,' 'the hearts delight,' 'the pulse of the heart,' 'the world's cush la machree—' to all within her sphere; and if they loved her before 'her trouble,'—with the warm instinct of Irish nature, they idolized her after it. 'Midsummer,' as I have written, was at hand; Randy roused himself from his world of dreams, to gather Eva's favourite flowers, to garland the porch, to trim the roses, to DECK THE FAWN—now grown into a doe—with ribbands; and at last, unable

to shake off the heaviness that weighed upon his spirits, he sat down upon the old grass bench and sobbed like a child. "Get up!" exclaimed Kitty, "here's the world's darling in sight, and two ladies riding home with her; you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to meet her this way, and she coming from a raal gentleman's house to stay with us. Make yourself up, like a proper servant; and when you open the hall-door, don't begin blessing her, but stand straight, and bow—while I curtsey behind—and say—'Miss, here's the gardener! he would open the door for joy, miss!' all the other servants would do the same. We must keep up her consequence, Randy—we must keep up her consequence."

"She likes things as they are," replied Randy—nevertheless making an attempt to shake down his shaggy hair, and dry his eyes—"she likes things as they are, and no show, Kitty; she'd give me her hand friendly before the Queen, if she was to the fore; she has no half-lady-pride in her—not she."

"But we must keep up her consequence, Randy," persisted Kitty—smoothing down her white apron over her black dress; "I have laid everything out to the best advantage; and, oh, Randy! if you had but a frill to your shirt, you'd look so nice."

"I'm very well to have a shirt, let alone a frill—as the plain sweet pea said to the feathered columbine; frill! enagh," repeated Randy, in a tone of contempt.

"Randy," whispered Kitty, "I shouldn't mind for once, lending you one of my caps to pin inside; just to keep up her consequence."

Randy did not deign a reply to this considerate suggestion, but cast a look of reproach at Kitty.

"Do, Randy, be said and led—for once."

"I'm ashamed of ye, so I am, to think of her consequence. HER consequence," repeated the Woodcutter, emphatically, "to be kept up by the ould frill of a yallow nightcap!"

"The ignorant nagur," muttered Kitty, as she rushed to the door, "the poor dark craythur!" Proud was Kitty of the fine horses, and the fine servants, and the beautiful young ladies who brought Miss Eva home, and were delighted with the Dovecote, and gave Kitty a golden guinea; and Kitty had sufficient of bad taste to fancy, that if Miss Eva were dressed like them, she would look better than in the plain high robe of black silk, 'without a bit of anything on it but crape;' and though these young ladies were but new acquaintances whom Eva had met at the Vicar's, they deeply regretted parting from her, and embraced her again and again, extorting a promise that she would soon permit them to withdraw her from her solitude once more.

"Paler every time she comes home," sighed Randy; "and a weight's about my heart, as if I was going to lose her altogether. I'm here, miss, darling," he said, gently putting his head into the window. "Your poor Randy; Keeldar, the baste, came to me the minute he got home, and seems perplexed that the fawn's a doe: he sniffs at, and knows, her, but he does not understand it. Won't you come to the flowers, miss? I never saw so many roses. Oh, murder, if it isn't crying she is, and not heeding me; crying, with her head resting on the misthress's Bible. Oh, then, no wonder my head's grey, and my heart greyer;" and Randy's tears were renewed from very sympathy. But when Eva came forth after a time, taking interest in

everything that interested him, and smiling and talking—receiving thankfully the humble presents of her humble friends, as if they had been jewels of price, the Woodcutter revived, as the perishing flowers under the beams of the sun, and thought she looked really happy, and longed to go forth and tell the villagers that though Miss Eva had been amongst great people, she loved her own people better than ever; and she rejoiced at his departure, with various little kindly gifts, such as she could afford from her scanty store; for she longed to be alone, to enjoy the loneliness—the perfect and entire loneliness—in which she could recall the past and ponder over the future. Yet Randy was far from easy in his mind; he felt that some event was coming; for on the night that preceded that morning, he had seen ARMED FAIRIES gathering above the trees that shadowed the Dovecote; and though they thus supplied proof that they were on the watch for Eva's protection, he was anxious, if not apprehensive, for the result: something was approaching—the issue of which he could not guess.

As the evening advanced, she left the precincts of the cottage to visit her mother's grave; and there Randy had been before her; the grass around it was carefully trimmed; the whole mound was matted over with the greenest clover; the head and foot-stones were garlanded with the flowers Geraldine had loved best; if there had been no other cause for tears, Eva would have wept at this delicate mark of the Woodcutter's tender thoughtfulness. He had fed the robins there; and as she sat in silent commune with the dead, the large-eyed birds came about her, looking mutely into her face—not chirping, but gazing with their soft dark eyes as if in sympathy. She could hear the murmurs of the Lake-waters, as the currents rushed from one to the other, through the 'long range;' and the full choir of distant birds filled the air with music. She could see the proud tomb of Lady Elizabeth at the end of one of the long aisles; perched upon the armorial blasonry that surmounted the stately pile, was a raven—an ominous and unclean bird. She could not but contrast its uncared for loneliness and neglect, with the simple but endearing tokens of

affection that blossomed on her mother's humble grave. At last she wandered homeward, and turned into the bower, which arose on a mound above the

Whitestone Well: it was only a seat, overshadowed by a luxuriant growth of bending trees; interlaced by wild roses and climbers of various kinds—a pretty rustic spot, whose beauty no art could imitate."

The day had passed through its fainting hours—sighing for the cool of evening: it had been one of the most feverish days of a feverish summer. Randy's care had kept the flowers moist and the grass green; but the water had to be looked for in the Whitestone Well—so low had it fallen; the cattle lowed plaintively over dried-up and scorched marshes: and the waters of the lakes seemed to recede farther and farther from their sedgy margins—now, indeed, no longer sedgy, for the green rush had become a brown, sapless, coarse-grained straw; and the broad leaves of the water-lily were drawn up by the scorching heat into crumpled heaps, where nothing, not even a tiny snail, obtained food; the very woodpaths were thick with dust, and the bounding river reduced to a peevish brook—as if it were itself thirsty—crawled, where it had so often triumphed, amid huge stones and rocks. Eva felt the enervating effects of such oppressive weather: it increased the weariness that weighed her spirits down. She knew she must use some exertion for her future maintenance, for her mother's store must, sooner or later, be exhausted. She was too proud, too right-minded, for a moment to endure dependence. She felt bewildered and sorrow-stricken; kind as all were to her, she had no heart-friend—no one to whom she could open her mind. She knew none who really sympathized with her spirit's yearning for activity. She felt as all feel, in a degree, who have been used to the companionship of *souls*. At last Keeldar, who had watched her, came and laid his head on her lap, and, not receiving the attention he expected, placed himself at her feet. He had not rested long, however, when his flap ears moved; he arched them upwards, leaving more space for sound to enter; and then his tail stiffened, and he moved his nostrils, rose up, turned round, and stood in an attitude peculiar to his race, when expecting an intruder. A shadow rested on the grass—a lengthened shadow; and before Eva could rise from her seat, a stranger, for she knew him not, stood before her. He removed his hat, and she saw at once that his hair was dark—it was not the nut-brown hair of Sidney.

"Do you not know me, Eva—not know *me!* Am I either so changed or so forgotten that you do not remember Cormac Talbot!"

"Cormac!" repeated Eva, in a tone of the deepest disappointment; for she only thought of one, and though she had no reason to expect him, the very shadow on the grass suggested the possibility of his presence.

"Yes—Cormac! Will you not speak to me? I who have returned solely to see you, whose life has been cheered by the hope that you would hail my return as the return of a friend! Surely in nothing have I forfeited my right to that title, Eva!"

She extended her hand, and felt that his was chill and damp.

"Will you not speak to me, Eva?" he repeated.

"I am so astonished," she said, while endeavouring to withdraw the hand he still clasped; "I could not have thought of seeing you."

"And why not? Did you think I could forget you? Did you fancy my love was written as on sand? But I respected your sorrow, and would not suddenly intrude upon it."

"You have suffered also," she said, endeavouring to guide the conversation to another theme.

"My poor mother—yes—but that was long expected. She was never to me what your mother was to you, Eva."

"No!" she replied, shocked at the implied fault-finding; "there were few like mine; but she loved you. You should not efface such memories, sir; those who do so, trample upon graves!"

"It may be," he said, carelessly; "but I came not from the sunny south to talk of sorrow, though I respected yours. I have journeyed night and day to meet you here to-night. Why even *your dog* will hardly give me welcome!" he added, in a tone of disappointment.

"We ought," said Eva, after the lapse of a few moments, "we ought indeed to welcome back its gentry to this poor country. I am sure that all the people will shout a welcome when they hear of your return."

"I would rather you would whisper yours," he replied, attempting to regain the hand she had withdrawn.

"I speak it without a whisper," answered Eva, her self-possession fully restored; "it would be strange if I did not welcome back the cousin of Sidney Talbot to his native land."

"On no such plea will I owe my welcome here," he replied. "Listen, Eva; not when I offered my young unpractised heart for your acceptance, beneath the sanctuary of that roof, and with the entire approval of your mother, did I love you with a tithe of the love with which I now woo you to be mine. Eva! you shall hear me."

She would have retired; but he prevented her.

"I am in nothing changed—no more than you," she answered.

"Still you must hear me," he repeated. "Hear me once more; you have lately seen a shadowing forth of the power and luxury that wealth supplies. You have seen every eye turn in admiration of your beauty, and heard high-born lips sound your praises. You have witnessed the strength of position and looked upon the wide spread tables that wealth surrounds with grateful guests; but think, Eva—think! When in addition to your beauty—to the fascination which encompasses you, as with a spell, think, if in addition to all these, you had the wealth, the station, which Cormac Talbot's wife must have—think—think what you would be!"

"A self-degraded, self-condemned woman, ashamed to look into my own heart, lest it should rise in judgment against me!"

"You cannot scorn such power for such good!"

"I do not—I value it—would work for it, cherish it; but for it I would not *peril my soul!* Cormac, you know I never loved you."

"I know it! yet, oh, Eva, you cannot withstand the deep devotion, the earnest loving sacrifice of my whole life!"

"You know," she said, and the sweet tones of her rich voice mellowed into still greater tenderness; "you also know I love another."

"I know you did; but he has been long absent; has failed in the career his ambition, not his talent, dictated."

"Who dares to say he failed?" interrupted Eva, indignantly; "who talks of his failing!"

"Now do be patient; I repeat but his own words," said Cormac.

Eva grasped the chair from which she had risen. "Then you have seen him! where and when?" she inquired, eagerly. "In his last letter from Rome he did not mention having seen you; where was it?"

"At Rome, not nine weeks past; I see you have not heard since then." Eva made no answer. "I thought he could not write to you under the circumstances," said Cormac, in a sympathizing tone. "Dearest Eva, compose yourself."

"Under what circumstances?" and the question almost stifled her.

"Driving in the neighbourhood of Rome, I recognised my cousin," replied Cormac, "though his dress and bearing were so changed, that a friend who was with me, laughed at my desiring such acquaintance." Cormac did not see the indignation that flashed upon him from Eva's eyes. "I entreated that the past should be forgotten, and hand pressed hand as in our days of boyhood. It grieved me to find his spirit broken; at times he abandoned himself to despair, lest he should never accomplish a mysterious task, on which he had staked his fame. It was painful to witness it; I never saw any one so changed; his temper ruffled at straws; his hand half-paralyzed, so that he could not guide his pencil. He worked vainly—for all great purposes—in his poor dwelling in the eternal city; worked and failed! I say again, worked and failed! Eva, you tremble!"

"It is the moonbeam that trembles over me."

"He spoke of you; for his lone, and cheerless, and unhopeful heart opened with more than the old brotherly love, and wished, in the bitterness of disappointment, that you had chosen otherwise."

"And bade *you* tell me so," said Eva, in a tone that made Cormac start.

"Can you not add that to the false tale you have invented."

"Now, by every sacred tie in heaven and earth!" exclaimed Cormac, "you do me wrong; I have invented nothing. Every artist in Rome has been speaking of the failure of his task as a thing certain. Had he been less ambitious, he might have been more successful. He has no more chance

of becoming a great artist, so to say, than yonder dog of becoming a lion." He turned to look at Keeldar, but he was gone.

"Or than you, his cousin, have of partaking his noble nature, you would add," said Eva, in the same tone which had before called forth such strange sensations. Cormac drew back and paused.

"I can endure anything from you, and nothing you can say shall move me from my purpose. I will endure anything to save you from yourself, from the deep and bitter poverty in which you would plunge, not alone, but with him whose love for you has cooled, though his honour may be firm, poor and feeble as he is; with him, whom you would drag still more deeply into a fathomless abyss of want and misery! Ask yourself if this be just? Ask yourself if any woman has a right to immolate that which she professes to love?"

"I have heard you, patiently, sir," said Eva, "and will hear you to the end: have you finished?"

"No," he replied; "not finished, until, on my knees, I again offer you the passionate love of a passionate nature. Eva, you love your country; I will minister to its prosperity and never leave its shores; you love the people—you shall remain their guardian angel. You shall realize the dream of your childhood, and pour consolation and bestow comfort upon the hundreds whose breath lingers, not lives, within their feeble frames! Does not the very fact of your not hearing from my cousin argue his change? Write and ask him if he will not gladly resign the contract that clogs, not clings, about his heart. Oh, Eva, does not my constancy deserve some word; fair forms and bright eyes crossed my path, and sought to win my love—but it was yours! Your image lay as an amulet upon my heart, and shielded me from sin. Still cold and silent? Eva, speak to me; have you no word for me? I offer you wealth, love, honour, faithfulness—all that the fairest and richest covet. Even were Sidney not poor and discomfited, you cannot cling to the tattered fragment of a travelled artist's worn-out fondness, feeding upon voluptuous forms, conniving at impurities I dare not name to you, until his sense sickens, and his———"

"Now I have words!" interrupted Eva. "I heard you patiently, though my pulses quickened and my heart beat high, though I disbelieved in all but your tale of Sidney's poverty—still I heard you. What should I care for the love of one who could not penetrate the heavy shadows, that press upon the noblest natures like realities, even on their very eve of triumph? What should my heart, were it as free as the fleetest roe that bounds to meet the sun-beams on Glena, care for him whose mean soul makes poverty a reproach, and thinks a true and earnest woman's love could be aught but a shield and a staff for protection and support! What should I care for the patriotism that may be bought and paid by heartless smiles? You know the breath lingers, not lives, within the frames of those God sent you into the world to sustain; and yet you bargain, in your selfishness, for a heartless hand as a price of your return to those you never should have abandoned; and for whose souls and bodies, hereafter, if not here, you will be as surely called to account as you now stand before me—rich, beautiful, and powerful, in this world's gifts, though unchanged in the nature which made me shrink even from your boyish kindness. Sir, were the grass as green over the grave of Sidney Talbot as it is where I have been to day, and where I would I were even now, I would die above it rather than be your wife."

As she spoke, and before Cormac could give utterance to the violent words that twined like serpents round his tongue, even as he grasped her arm within his hand, Keeldar burst upon them with a loud cry of joy; there was a rustling among the trees, a parting of the branches, and in an instant Eva fell upon Sidney's bosom. Cormac stood unmoved; his lip curled in proud defiance; he saw that she had fainted, and it was not until Sidney bore her into the open air, that her face, upturned to her native heaven, astonished him by the high-souled expression that elevated its matchless beauty, as the moonlight shone upon it—inspiring him with reverence, as though he gazed upon the face of an angel.

"Do not go," exclaimed Sidney—"do not go—I too hastened to be here on Eva's birth-day; I heard your protestations, and while you urged her not to sink me into poverty, I loathed myself for seeking her as my bride, when I had nothing but poverty to offer her. In bitter self-reproach and agony, I turned to leave this hallowed spot—when her priceless pleading, her knowledge of the shadow which wrestled with me, when weakened by imagination and excess of labour, I felt myself a doomed man, encoffined by my own trembling hand—the shadow which made me doubt the power—the immortal power—that *has* conquered! Look up and hear that, Eva, my own Eva; though poor and penniless, I achieved my purpose; and those of whom he truly spoke as doubting, have followed me with generous acclamation; your image, your faith, your hope, your love! by some mysterious spiriting, though far away, infused themselves into my nature, and I became, though poorly lodged and poorly clad—I became the art-wonder of immortal Rome! no letter could tell you this! I flew, proud of my triumph, to claim your promise; I was mad with joy; I saw not, knew not, thought not, of the poverty you, Cormac, too truly pictured! I thought of Love and Art, and nothing more; yet had she failed a jot, had she wavered, had this marble brow become less pure beneath the gorgeous light your golden alchemy flung upon its surface, I would never have sought to clasp her—as I do now—as my affianced love. Nay, Cormac, though much you said was true, you did mislead."

"No," whispered Eva, as she raised herself from Sidney's bosom, "no—he did not, he could not."

"It was not worthy," he persisted, "not worthy of you to take advantage of the doubts which racked my very soul, when all my poor heart's beatings where laid bare to you—to seek to rob me of the one ewe lamb; but I forgive you, I may well do so when I look here."

"Always conqueror," murmured Cormac, and his voice gained strength as he continued—"you have made your choice, Eva!—you have again chosen between us; the time may come when you will deplore it."

"You must not rush across that lawn with wrathful footsteps," exclaimed the generous Sidney. "Eva, he did not tell you all the truth—though he said more than truth. He did not tell you that at Rome his purse was opened to me by a true brother's hand."

"But you touched it not!" she said.

"I did not; yet his generosity shines no less bright for that. Oh, my own love!—when I look at you, I cannot wonder that men forget themselves to worship at your feet, and yet," he added, drawing Eva back and gazing on her with more than the true reverence of holiest love, "think again!—in

that far city home, to which I woo your presence, the air is thick with damp unwholesome vapours; there are no hills to look upon, no woods to wander in; thousands of strange eyes will meet yours as you pass, without sympathy or common interest; there comes no music to my lofty windows, but the monotonous song of some caged bird, whose clear voice cracks amid the roll of carriages, or the shrill cries of those who hawk the food—that *I* have wanted means to purchase; where I have passed hours offering up thanksgiving, that you were *here*, in your own native home, loving and beloved, by nature and natural hearts."

"That was when the shadows that we spoke of thickened round you," murmured Eva; "I do not tremble at such poverty! being passed, 'tis but another theme for thankfulness."

"It may return!" said Sidney; "I would not deceive you—not for the price of your own priceless self. The reputation I achieved in Rome, came like electricity on me and all beside; it *may* follow me to England; but compliments are tardy servitors to stern necessity."

Cormac fixed his eyes upon Eva while Sidney was speaking; but the expression of his features was that of perfect hopelessness.

"Think of nothing for my sake," she again murmured.

"But," he added, "even if the ringing music of silver and of gold, chime in this city home, *I* still am doomed to toil all day. I cannot walk with you abroad, for every moment's light is precious wealth to the poor artist; the sun—his taskmaster—is too fitful in these climes to brook delay; and you will miss the service and devoir, which are of right your own; and, oh! you know not how hard it is to climb the prickly hills that lead by toilsome and extended paths—by pitfall and morass—to fortune. I often think my very nature changed. As he has truly said, I am dark and fitful."

"You are a slanderer, Sidney," she exclaimed, timidly; but slightly veiling the deep, earnest, struggling, love, which taught her eloquence and banished fear—"I am not a child to take fright at shadows which companion loneliness, yet fade, like our hill-vapours, in the sun. I know your spirit hopeful, but easily depressed; and I mind the time when you said (the words are yours), that Eva's voice and Eva's look, could"—the woman triumphed over the heroine, and, unable to repress her tears, she sought to hide them within the cottage.

Cormac, affecting a spirit that was not in him, cast his light cloak over his shoulder, and, addressing Sidney spoke,—as though he felt not: "In love and war they say all things are fair;" he could no more in that strain, and his voice changed; "I could not have believed that such fidelity dwelt in the heart of woman; this truth puts all the school's philosophy to flight—had I won her, I would have borne her beauty in triumph through the world!—you, if steeped to the very lips in poverty, will know a happiness that I shall never taste. She is too high above the earth and earthly things for me; fare ye well, cousin—cousins are crosses in most families, and mine is no exception. I would have wronged you if I could; but you'll forgive me cousin—you'll forgive me."

He walked bravely across the lawn, and passed the bower of the Whitestone Well; then turned, and seeing that Sidney had entered the Dovecote, sought beneath the shadow of the weeping ash, a rose which had fallen from Eva's hand, and placing it in his bosom, separated the branches which shielded the seat from the east wind, and fled across the meadows, as if he thought that speed might relieve his heated and throbbing brain.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES.

THE COLLECTION OF H. A. J. MUNRO, ESQ., OF NOVAR, NO. 113, PARK-STREET, GROSVENOR-SQUARE.

In an abode of moderate extent, but charmingly situated in the metropolis, enjoying a view of the open space of Hyde Park, with its fashionable drives and promenades, backed by the stately trees that encompass the site of the ancient "Ring," and the well-wooded Regal gardens of Kensington, we find the apartments literally crammed with choice treasures of ancient Art, and a goodly gathering of the gems of the British school. Of the latter, Mr. Munro possesses a considerable number of Turner's finest works—indeed, to such an extent, that it is here, perhaps, he can best be studied, with the exception of his own gallery, or in his water-colour drawings in rivalry with the collection made by Mr. Windus, of Tottenham.

Entering the parlour, we propose commencing at the wall next to the right-hand window. Here is placed—

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 'View of Rome from the Capuchin Convent.' The Colosseum and other remains of ancient Rome are on the right, St. Peter's in the distance; the Tiber, spanned by the Ponte Rotto, flows down the centre. If we would soar into the regions of mystery, if we would involve ourselves in the radiations of esthetics, if we would discard all the coarse clay and solid matter of humanity, let us enter the lists with this earthly giant, and seek to probe the ill-understood or uninvestigated motives of Turner's art. Year after year the ephemeral critic quails before his lustre, and shirks and shuffles as if his presence were a pain. There can be no tangible reason for this evasion, but a concealed acknowledgment that his powers are not conceived on ordinary principles, and are not to be grappled with by common views or superficial notions. Let us estimate his theoretic acquirements—the mechanism of this dazzling meteor among the planets. First and foremost, he is without doubt or denial a perfect master of linear perspective and its intricacies; he is well learned in the grammar of architecture and architectural construction. That he is an accurate mechanical draughtsman, the numberless drawings he made in early days amply testify; while his later works proclaim the elegance of his lines. His compositions are the most perfect and beautiful ever seen—equal in grandeur of conception to the cream of the old masters, and carried out with an infinity of details to one great end, by means they were completely unacquainted with. He has shown us a *chiaro'scuro* of almost magical power—defying all the reasonings of previous writers, and degrading them into mere twaddlers on Art. From the dark he has led us into light, and unfolded a creation of new principles. Without resorting to intense shade or dark hues, it is by bright colour against bright—by all the tints of golden effulgence against intense crimsons or lustrous blues. A similar palette of radiance has never existed. To this marvellous achievement of *chiaro'scuro, senza scuro*, he has united a knowledge of aërial perspective such as no previous painter ever imagined or dreamed of. Thus has he produced those visions of ethereal sublimity which are the paradox of ordinary minds. They are not yet understood, because the distance is vast between them and common nature. There is too much of profound science in his works for them ever to be passed over as the caprice of a day: they excite inquiry—they require study; and this inquiry and study become fruitless unless they are strengthened by an intimate acquaintance with the various theories requisite to carry a work of Art to completion. Thus it is that those who despair of understanding his extraordinary combinations, creep out by decrying his high qualities, for want of comprehension to investigate them with success. The plodding critic of routine, fortified with traditionary phrases, fulminates them with facility—certain of their being well received where they have been before successful; the greater part of the world, and more particularly the small section—comprising the amateurs of the Arts (not connoisseurs)—being always disposed to imbibe impressions eocqual with the limits of their understanding. It will, therefore, probably be a work of some time, ere this mighty master may be placed on the pedestal he is destined to occupy; but that he will be placed there, and worshipped too, is as certain as of sunlight succeeding to the shades of night. Other painters have painted with the light of day balanced by the obscurity of darkness; but Turner, despising both, and confident in his strength, paints with daylight impregnated with the golden rays of the great luminary of creation.

One of the most elegant lady writers of our period feels such delight in Turner's works, that she attributes the happiest of her inspirations to their influence: this influence cannot be doubted. On viewing his pictures, let us take a moderate distance, that the eye may embrace the entire scene; contemplate them for a few minutes; abstract the imagination from coarser material; and then, what visions of delight overpower the mind, and render it redolent of creative fancy, rather than of mundane realities! Not a single thought will break the illusion of the fairy scene: there are no wanderings to examine the drawing or the pencilling; all littlenesses vanish, all petty details become contemptible, and the soul is imbued with poetic rapture at combinations concealing the means, but worked into a glorious unity of purpose and sentiment.

Almost all his works are subject to the same ordeal of reasoning: they contain similar elements of profound beauty; they are only unfolded to those advancing spirits who are not trammelled by some inherited bugbears of admiration for that only, which has been heretofore done. But Turner contemns established principles, as laid down by acknowledged authorities upon Art. When Rossini was told by a profound critic and contrapuntist, that in such an *aria* he had violated the laws of musical construction, he replied, "Who is my master, that he makes the laws for me?" Certainly it is the great master only who fixes the laws of his art. Who made the laws for Raffaelle or Claude to found their glorious works upon? At the period the present possessor obtained the pictures we have now to notice, there was a strong feeling against the works of Turner, and it was much the fashion to decry them, even to the ridicule of their purchasers. When Mr. Munro acquired 'The View of Rome from the Capuchins,' an eminent poet, one of the spirits of the age, whose name, from delicacy, we suppress, complimented Mr. Munro on his taste and judgment in selecting it, and *still more* on his courage in so doing. Now, Mr. Munro's house is visited by every person of refined taste to view these pictures. They are fully appreciated by foreign visitors and artists, particularly by Gudin, who ranks as the most poetic of the marine-painters of France. The late Sir Thomas Lawrence, in one of his letters written while travelling abroad, observes that everywhere in Italy he is reminded of Turner more than of any other landscape-painter; and such is the artistic execution of space in this 'View of Rome from the Capuchin Convent,' that one of our greatest living artists, a distinguished member of the Royal Academy, said, in elucidation of its masterly aërial perspective, that you might throw a stone at it in the belief that you would not hear the sound of its fall.

J. Wynants. 'Landscape.' A picture of small size, with figures.

G. Terburg. A lady habited in black, drinking from a glass in her left hand, and holding a jug with the right hand.

A. Cuyp. 'Farm Buildings.' A cowherd and two cows in front; some figures in the middle distance.

Sir J. Reynolds. 'Portrait of Mrs. Stanhope, the Mother of Lady Southampton.' A sittting figure, dressed in white.

J. M. W. Turner. 'Modern Italy,' the engraved picture. A simple anecdote of an Italian vender of plaster casts, who came to Mr. Munro's house, speaks more for Turner's art than volumes of verbosity would exemplify. When standing before the 'Modern Italy' he was permitted to view, the poor wanderer exclaimed, "Che bella schizzo!" He saw his beloved sunny clime realized, and gave vent to the joyous ejaculation.

R. P. Bonington. 'Francis I. and Gabrielle d'Estrées.' Brilliant in colour, and elegant in drawing.

A. Van de Velde. 'Landscape.' A boy bathing; cows, goat, and sheep; in the distance, ruins on a hill.

Stephanoff. A composition from "Ivanhoe."

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 'Venice—the Grand Canal.' The engraving from it is dedicated to her Majesty. The subject was so much admired that it occasioned the painter to produce, subsequently, a succession of pictures of this renowned city.

Hogarth. 'The Harlot's Progress.' One of the series where she is overturning the tea-table to favour the escape of her lover. This, with the Newgate scene, was rescued from the fire at Fonthill, which destroyed the other pictures descriptive of the tale.

Jan Steen. An interior, with three figures regaling; a man eating an egg.

J. Constable, R.A. 'Landscape—View of Hampstead Heath."

W. Etty, R.A. 'Venus recumbent with Cupid.'

J. Constable, R.A. Another View of Hampstead Heath.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 'Sea-piece—a Breeze on the Dutch Coast.' Admiral Van Tromp is represented in his barge.

Jan Steen. Several figures in front of a cottage; a man kneeling, holding his hat; and another repairing a saddle.

Hogarth. 'The Harlot's Progress—Interior of Newgate,' where she is beating hemp.

Greuze. 'Head of a Girl,' probably a portrait.

D. Maclise, R.A. A composition of three figures, from one of Sir E. L. Bulwer's romances.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 'View of the Campo Vaccino, Rome, the Colosseum in the middle distance.'

Boxall. Lady reclining, holding a letter.

P. P. Rubens. An allegorical sketch of a River God and two Nymphs, one laden with fruit, a cornucopia, &c.

G. S. Newton, R.A. 'The Female Student.'

Rembrandt. 'Lucretia.' A half-length female figure, painted in the artist's best time, and combining all his distinguishing excellencies of colour and impasto. From the collection of Count Pourtales.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 'Ancient Italy,' the companion to the 'Modern Italy,' on the opposite side of the room, well known by the widely-circulated engravings from the pair distributed by an Art-Union enterprise. This picture has since been replaced by the large picture by Bonington, of 'A View on the Grand Canal, Venice,' which Mr. Munro had kindly lent to an exhibition of modern masters in Scotland. We may take this opportunity of remarking that frequent changes are made in the arrangement of pictures, as Mr. Munro possesses a great number more than the house affords space to hang upon the walls, and many would not be seen otherwise. This picture of Bonington's is one of his most capital works, painted with extreme clearness of tint and a solidity that makes its endurance certain. The works of this esteemed and lamented ornament of our school are seen in this collection in all his varieties of subject; perhaps they can nowhere else be so well judged of. Mr. Munro also possesses the large 'Fish Market,' engraved by Quilley, but not hung up, for want of space.

J. Both. 'Landscape and Waterfall.'

Rubens. A sketch in *grisaille* of 'The Discovery of Achilles.'

P. Wouwermans. 'A Landscape on the Banks of a River, a small Island in the distance.'

Franquelin. 'A Child sleeping on a Couch; the Mother watching, and holding a Guitar.'

G. Romney. 'Portrait of Mrs. Billington.'

S. A. Hart, R.A. 'Religious Ceremony in Catholic Church.'

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

J. Both. A large landscape with a bridge in the distance, figures and cattle in front.

Valerio Castelli. 'The Assumption of the Virgin.'

J. Both. 'Landscape and Figures.' A small gem of Art, sunny and rich in colour; the figures are probably intended to depict 'The Flight into Egypt.'

A. Watteau. 'Portraits of Two Young Ladies.' This charming work was always entitled in France, "*Les deux petites Marquises.*" The young ladies are merely children, elegantly attired in the costume of aristocratical consequence, peculiar to the period; but delineated with the noble bearing that justifies its French title. The picture is one of singular attraction, from the felicity of its conception and execution; and, however much the grander works of Art which surround it may absorb an intensity of higher feeling, the young marchionesses never fail of being viewed with the most exhilarating pleasure.

A. Correggio. 'The Holy Family with Angels.'

J. Both. 'Landscape,' companion to the other small picture, and embellished with figures of Christ and the Disciples going to Emmaus.

Murillo. 'St. Anthony holding the Infant Saviour in his arms,' with various groups of angels. This is, indeed, an important work of the great Spanish painter, and of noble dimensions, the figures being of life-size. The brilliancy, purity, and fusion of the flesh tints are wonderfully relieved by the mass of dark drapery in which the Saint is attired. The *chiaro'scuro* is conducted with consummate skill throughout; the drawing is elegant, and the expression of the heads based on the national characteristic features, replete with piety and devotion. As a fine work of Murillo, it ranks in quality with the best examples we possess in England. It wandered from the Royal Collection of Spain, during the changes of that disorganized kingdom, and was purchased in Paris from Mons. Teschier by the present proprietor, who has accorded it the place of honour in the Drawing-room.

Annibal Caracci. 'The Toilet of Venus,' from the Tanari Palace at Bologna. A capital composition of many figures, size of '*Petite Nature*.' How ardently the chief of the Bolognese school studied the charms of Corregio's forms, is evidenced by the analogy of action in the attendant Grace, on the left of the picture, with that of the figure of Venus in 'The Education of Cupid,' in the National Gallery.

Murillo. 'Dead Christ wept over by the Virgin and two Angels.'

H. Swaneveldt. 'Italian Landscape with Figures.' Replete with beauteous colour and elegant forms worthy of the pupil of Claude.

B. Garofalo. 'The Adoration of the Shepherds.'

Guercino. 'St. Jerome, and an Angel blowing the Trumpet.'

Donducci Mastellata. 'A Sacred Allegory of Christ and the Virgin Mary in the clouds, surrounded by Angels, and a Saint kneeling in adoration below.' The Count Pepoli says this picture is rightly attributed: his works being usually called Parmegiano by interested persons.

Vandyck. A female portrait. This is the representation of a young person, wearing a lace collar and coif, and considered to be the portrait of Anna Van Ophem, who had the care of the dogs belonging to the Infanta Isabella of Spain, and resided at Saventheim, a village near Brussels. The story is well known of Vandyck's sudden attachment to this beauty, from which he was roused by Rubens urging him to continue his journey to Italy. While Vandyck was neglecting the journey he was not neglecting his art, for he painted two pictures for the church at Saventheim: one of which, 'St. Martin dividing his Cloak,' now remains to adorn it; the other represented a 'Holy Family,' and the painter introduced the portrait of his lady-love for the features of the Virgin. This picture was carried off in the wars of Louis XV. by some French foragers, who cut it up to make sacks for oats.

C. Poelemberg. 'Nymphs bathing.'

P. Lauri. 'Diana and Actæon.' A composition of several figures; it is engraved by Woollett.

C. Poelemberg. 'Landscape, Ruins, and Figures.'

Titian. 'Jupiter and Ganymede.'

Giorgione. 'The Virgin, Child, and St. John.'

Guido. 'The Adoration of the Shepherds.'

J. Bellini. 'Virgin and Child.'

Bonifacio, A seated female emblematical of Justice.

Julio Romano. 'Dance of Angels.' A small circular picture.

H. Swaneveldt. Italian landscape, with a man driving cattle. (Circular.)

A. Elsheimer. 'Lot and his Daughters.'

Tintoretto. 'The Descent from the Cross.'

Rubens. 'The Meeting of Jacob and Laban.' A sketch.

A. Caracci. 'Holy Family, and an Angel.' From the collection of Lord Radstock.

Guido. 'St. Sebastian.'

Murillo. 'The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.' A finished sketch of the great picture in the Hospital of La Caridad, at Seville. Full of the highest qualities of Art in colour and composition.

Bassano. 'Susannah and the Elders.'

Parmegiano. 'The Education of Jesus.' A circular picture, from the Orleans collection.

Guido. 'Cleopatra with the Asp.' A whole-length figure, life-size, painted in the artist's best time and manner; and drawn with supreme elegance. It has been engraved by Sir Robert Strange.

Velasquez. 'St. Agatha.'

Claude. 'Landscape with Figures.'

ON A SCREEN IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

A. del Sarto. 'Dead Christ, the Virgin weeping, attended by two Angels.' This great artist lived in friendship with Michael Angelo, and it has been traditionally said, that great man furnished the outlines of Andrea's compositions. It is impossible not to recognise his grandeur of design in this picture, as well as the fine character, correct outline, and pure sentiment which distinguished the masters who lived at this brilliant epoch of the Arts. The rigidity of death is inimitably displayed in the recumbent body of the Saviour; the living figures are influenced by intensity of mental suffering. The execution is of Andrea's preferable manner, as in his latter pictures he adopted a fusion of objects remote from the manly severity of the present great work of Art.

On the opposite side of this screen there is a picture, by N. Berghem, representing 'Jupiter and Calisto,' life-size figures, half length. The picture has great merit of pencilling, vigorous tones, and powerful colour; but, as may be imagined, it is the very antipodes of the Andrea del Sarto, and, as it is placed on the same easel at the back of this picture, becomes in truth its very reverse in situation, as well as in ideal conception.

On another easel in the Drawing-room are placed two pictures, one on either side, locked in cases. When the folding-doors which enclose these pictures are opened, the visitor will enjoy the crowning gems of the collection. We shall begin first with the renowned picture of

Raffaelle. 'La Madonna dei Candelabri,' formerly in the Borghese Palace at Rome, from whence it passed into the possession of Prince Lucien Bonaparte; afterwards into that of the Duke of Lucca, at whose sale in London it was purchased by Mr. Munro for 1500 guineas only. It is painted on panel, and of circular form; a common tradition in Italy being that this picture and the famous 'Madonna del Seggiola' at Florence were painted on the two ends of the same wine cask. This much is certain, they are of the same size and of the same period of Raffaelle's works. The Virgin is represented nearly in a full face, the infant Jesus on the right side, looking at the spectator, seated on a pillow; the heads of angels are seen on the sides bearing candelabra with burning lights. The surface is, by the introduction of the latter objects, beautifully distributed. Very few words suffice for a description:—The head of the Virgin is one of the most beautiful ever designed; the Saviour is a divinity, not a child, infinitely superior to the infant head in the Seggiola picture. The drawing of every part is the utmost perfection of Art, the lines throughout graceful and undulating, the draperies are cast with simple grandeur and elegance, the colour is bright and solid, having retained the purity of tint in the shades, and the *chiaro'scuro* with which the composition is treated, completes the unity of this unsurpassed representation of the Madonna and infant Saviour. We had the opportunity of viewing this picture once, in company with one of our most distinguished historical painters, who has long resided in Italy, and studied incessantly the works of Raffaelle. His eulogium on it was, that it was impossible to point out any part that you could desire should be otherwise than it exists, being beyond criticism to find a fault, or wish the smallest portion better. It has been repeatedly engraved. There is a print by Folo; one by Bridoux, omitting the angels; and another by Bettelini, a private plate engraved for Prince Lucien Bonaparte, of which very few impressions have passed into the hands of collectors.

Raffaelle. 'The Holy Family with St. John.' In a dark background St. Joseph is seen with a lantern. The Virgin, whole length, is seated holding the infant Saviour on the left knee; the Saviour leans forward to St. John, who is advancing. It would be useless to dwell on this fine picture, which is the one on the same easel with the 'Vierge aux Candelabres.' Forster, the eminent engraver, of Paris, was induced by the great fame propagated by foreign connoisseurs who had seen it, to visit England for the same reason, and, when he had done so, was eager to engrave it on any terms. An engagement for the purpose was soon completed. The plate is already in a forward state, and when published will be entitled 'The Raffaelle of Novar,' in allusion to Mr. Munro's seat in Scotland. It is believed to have originally belonged to the unfortunate Charles I., and is painted in what is termed his third manner, being the same as the famous 'Transfiguration,' the 'Perle,' at Madrid, and parts of 'The Holy Family, with Angels strewing Flowers,' in the Louvre. There exists in the Bibliothèque Royale, at Paris, an etching, by Guido, of the composition entitled from Raffaelle. The extraordinary beauty of the picture needs no eulogium; it was always the greatest ornament in Mr. Munro's collection, had acquired a European fame, and now holds the second place only, since the acquisition of that wonderful emanation of the divine master, 'La Madonna dei Candelabri.'

BACK DRAWING-ROOM.

Giorgione. Portrait of a Duke of Ferrara.

W. Van de Velde. 'A Sea Breeze.'

Richard Wilson. A large landscape, 'View on the Thames, with Sion House, Isleworth.'

Jan Steen. 'The Repast ended.' Portraits of the painter, his wife, and two children: he is smoking. On a table, loaded with the good things of life, his wife is leaning on her arms asleep; while the children are blowing bubbles, indicating the fleeting joys of life.

J. Both. 'Landscape, with the Ruins of a Tower on the Borders of a Lake.'

Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'Portrait of Mrs. Robinson, the famous Perdita.' This likeness of a beauteous but unfortunate lady has escaped the premature decay which the painter's experiments inflicted on so many of his works, and enables the visitor to judge justly of Sir Joshua's splendid scale of colour.

Sir D. Wilkie. 'The First Ear-ring.' An agreeable group of two elegantly-attired women, and a little lady, undergoing a sacrifice to the vanity of ornament. The picture was painted in the same year as the 'Columbus,' and is engraved.

A. Watteau. 'A Sylvan Scene, with Figures.'

N. Berghem. 'Nymphs and Satyrs.'

Greuze. The portrait of his daughter, with her hands crossed, holding a letter.

T. Stothard, R.A. 'Eve plucking the Forbidden Fruit.'

R. P. Bonington. 'Coast Scene at Low Water, ornamented with Children and Baskets on the Strand.'

J. Constable. 'Landscape.'

P. P. Rubens. 'The Triumph of Religion.'

W. Etty, R.A. 'Cupid and Psyche.'

Vandyke. An historical composition.

R. P. Bonington. 'Coast Scene, with a Cottage and Figures.'

Guardi. 'The Piazza of St. Mark.'

Jan Steen. 'Love-making.' Two figures seated in a farmyard, cattle, and other objects.

Backhuysen. 'A Breeze, with Shipping.'

P. P. Rubens. 'The Holy Family, with St. Anne:' whole-length figures, life size; the infant Christ sleeping in the Virgin's lap.

T. Stothard, R.A. 'Nymphs and Cupid.'

D. Maclise, R.A. Composition of figures from "Rienzi."

T. Stothard, R.A. 'Diana Sleeping,' a small study after Titian.

A. Watteau. "Fête Champêtre."

W. Van de Velde. Marine subject, with a state barge bearing the Royal Standard having persons of consequence on board; a fine evening effect pervades the subject.

W. Newton. 'A Lady leaning on a Balcony.' Engraved.

IN THE HALL.

W. Woodward. A composition of horses in a landscape.

Besides the pictures we have enumerated, Mr. Munro possesses, either not placed in London, or at his seat in the Highlands, a considerable number of capital works. By the following masters these are:—

W. Etty. 'Venus rising from the Sea.' Back view of a female figure with doves. *Idem*, with a vase. *Idem*, with light hair, in a sitting posture. Study of a figure for the picture of Cleopatra.

'The Flower Girl.' 'Innocence asleep,' formerly belonging to Sir T. Lawrence. 'Christ blessing Little Children,' containing nearly thirty figures.

G. Romney, R.A. Portrait of Lady Hamilton. 'Titania'; and a family portrait.

Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A. 'Procession of Novices in a Cathedral.'

R. P. Bonington. Two studies of Turks. Seashore, with a white horse. 'Nymph reclining, with Parrot.' 'Waggon and Horses on a Road.' Marshy scene. 'Large Fish Market on the Beach.'

W. Collins, R.A. 'Children on Seashore.' 'Monks on Mules going to a Convent, the Mediterranean Sea in the distance.'

Gainsborough. Portrait of a lady.

Sir J. Reynolds. Portrait of Kitty Fisher, with Doves: this picture was inherited from Sir Joshua by his niece, the Marchioness of Thomond. Portrait of his sister in dark dress and gipsy hat.

Ariadne. Portrait of Macklin, with a vigorous head of King Lear on the back. Sir W. Hamilton. Kitty Fisher as Danaë. Head from the group of 'Charity.'

Sir T. Lawrence. Portrait of Mr. Fox. Sketch of Mrs. Woolf.

R. Wilson. 'Italian Scene—View of the Villa Madama.' 'Italian Scene, with Temple.' English landscape. Grand landscape, with robbers.

Opie. Portrait of Mrs. Wolstencroft.

T. Stothard, R.A. 'The Elements,' and several others.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 'St. Mark's Place by Moonlight,' engraved and dedicated to the proprietor, illustrating these lines from "Childe Harold":—

> "But Nature doth not die,
> Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
> The pleasant place of all festivity,
> The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy."

'Ostend, with a violent Squall.' 'Rotterdam, with a rough Breeze.' 'Avalanche in the Valley of Aosta, Savoy.' 'Landscape, with Dolbaden Castle, North Wales.' Besides others by Maclise, Hilton, Pyne, Gudin, and Brockey. By the ancient masters there is an important picture of 'Venus seated on a Couch, holding the Bow up, which Cupid is endeavouring to reach'; it is a grand work by Paul Veronese, and came from the Colonna Palace; besides fine specimens, which it is unnecessary to enumerate, by Both, Pynaker, Salvator Rosa, G. Poussin, Parmegiano, J. Bellini, Paduanino, Titian, Wynants, Ruysdael, Backhuysen, Cuyp, Vanderneer, J. Steen, Metzu, De Hooge, G. Dow, G. De Crayer, Vandyke, Watteau, Lely, Jansens, &c.

A recent acquisition is a very fine Titian, in size and quality resembling that in Mr. Rogers's collection, of 'Christ and Mary in the Garden.' It represents the Virgin and St. Joseph seated in a landscape, the infant Christ kissing his Divine Mother. It was formerly in the Leopold Gallery, and afterwards in the Vienna Gallery, and is engraved and described in both these collections. We have also omitted to notice a fine Terburg, called 'The Glass of Lemonade,' formerly in the Praslin collection.

Mr. Munro possesses nearly 100 drawings, by Turner, of the highest quality, which are kept in portfolios under the ottomans in the drawing-room; indeed, every part of the house is literally loaded with artistic treasures—prints, drawings, bronzes, and antique marbles.

We should ill discharge our duty to the distinguished and zealous collector of such a variety of important specimens of Fine Art, if we failed to add that Mr. Munro has not contented himself by acquiring them, but has successfully studied the art itself. The visitors will experience as much delight as surprise at the elegant crayon drawings and oil-pictures, chiefly of female heads, that he will chance to see occasionally in the rooms. The beautiful works of the great painters we have enumerated have imbued his pencil with their graces, and the taste displayed in the execution might be envied by many persons of professional reputation.

Having enjoyed the most liberal access to the collection, for which it is a pleasant feeling to record our thanks, our only regret is, that we have merely been enabled to indicate by name and subject a number of capital works, each of which singly is deserving of study; we lament that we can give but a limited account of so extensive a collection.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.—NO. I.

June, 1847.

A work must have its preface, even a letter its peroration; and, in a first letter from Paris on Art, the fore word, naturally enough, turns on the esteem, or rather, alas! the no-esteem, in which British Art is held here. An English student, in a circle of French artists, or Art-critics, has it daily thrown in his face:—"In England you have no Art—who are your artists?" He modestly mentions Flaxman, Wilkie, Lawrence, Reynolds. Sometimes, with surprise, it is replied:—"Flaxman, Wilkie! We thought they were Germans. Well, well, they had some talent; but who are they, to put against our army of dead and living masters?" Truly enough, one is smothered, like a Samson under the Philistines, by the weight of mighty names with which the past and the present render France glorious. One dares speak no more of England; and gradually, do what one will, the conviction settles down heavily on the mind that British Art is yet to enter into renown; its kingdom has yet to come; and the few great stars that have shone out upon its dawn were but as prophets of the golden noon yet to rise. One even, swung off in the current of French opinion, comes at length to forget that British Art *is*; nowhere here one reads of it; nowhere one sees it: it seems yet to discover. Somewhat thus had I felt for some time; but, walking the other evening to and fro, alone and quiet, in the Academy Court, and dreaming over these things amid the "old marbles, ever beautiful," of wondrous Greece, I felt that all this is not true. If these marvellous monuments started forth from the magic chisel of the land of Homer—*that* land on whose ever-fertile genius the shades of Shakspere and Milton shed an eternal dew, richer than all the pearl-drops of Hymettus, though it may have slept, shall not sleep for ever. That age, whose very breath-air yet ripples with the harp-chords of Scott and Shelley and Keats, has put to nurse, most surely, in the lap of the Muses its Apelles, its Phidias, its Raffaelle, who shall yet conquer for Britain the very empire of Art.

That the French give British Art no place is the result, in plain terms, of the vanity of ignorance. "*We* do not go to *London*: all the movement centres to and diverges from Paris," said their first critic to me the other day. It is true; and in this vanity, which annihilates in French eyes British and German Art, one finds much reason to doubt that the headship in Art will long rest with them. Nay, more: this present age in France is not that of either heart or thought. Here is poetry, where *esprit* takes the place of heart, and national vanity that of greatness of thought. There is romance and philosophy: the one wearisome with stale repetitions of the same heartless gallantry; the other, mere perfumery beside the deep thoughts of their own immortal Descartes and Montesquieu. It is a *peine* that they can muster an excommunicated priest* and a woman† to take the great questions of humanity to heart. And even these are rather the scapegoats, bearing off into the desert the thought-burden that should rest on the soul of each man, than the heaven-floating clouds from which the land drinks in showers of fertile teachings. History is the only fruit-bearing branch on the drooping tree of French literature. Art cannot flourish on the mere crumbs of greatness. But in English literature there *is* a deep heart and an earnest soul; and shall not British Art also warm with the same earnest pulsations, and shine with the same clear light? Wherefore should it not be the *sartor resartus* to untailor High Art of its conventional uniform and legendary tight buttons, and to clothe it in the natural eternal garments of universal individual thought and religion? Then shall Art bear the progressive impress of each age as it passes down into the gulf of eternity, and not be for ever stamped with the same superstitions of old and rotten saintly calendars. How I should like to trace forth, however sketchily, the *avenir* of British Art, and reason out the high mission that awaits your artists! But, leaving that to another time, I am to keep you and them, as one means of scaling the steep ladder of pre-eminence, acquainted with what passes here: for certainly one help to outrivalling your rival is to spy out his doings and study his means.

This month there has not been much of striking interest. For a few weeks there has been exhibited, in front of the old church from which outrung the horrid tocsin knell on the bloody night of St. Bartholomew, a bronze statue by Jouffroy, of 'St. Bernard preaching the Second Crusade'. The right arm is stretched out heavenward, whither the index-finger points, while the left hand presses a cross to his breast. The strongly-developed bony structure of the face and shaven head tells of an anchorite abstinence; and the features are impressed with an earnest fervid enthusiasm which one almost hears flowing out in eloquent appeals from his lips. The monk's dress is turned to excellent account, and the stuff, naturally taking large broad folds, is arranged with exceeding skill. The whole shows with great effect against the blue heaven, bending over the river and the Louvre opposite.

It goes to the town of Dijon, which is erecting a monument to the celebrated founder of Clairvaux; and is certainly a really good work of Art, not the only one, though, of our artist, whose name is already well based.

On the 1st of May, as if to take their part in the celebration of the Fête du Roi, there were mounted on their pedestals, at either end of the Carousel Bridge, four statues in stone, by M. Petitot, personifying the town of Paris, the Seine, Commerce, and Art. They are of course "own sisters" to all other such dames in stone or marble. But, the conventionalisms of the case aside, they make a really pleasant ornament to the bridge, and finish it well off. The pedestals are of cast iron, and are to serve as lodges for the tolltakers. M. Petitot is member of the Institute and professor at the Royal Academy, where May was his month of correcting. I do not know if, like one of our models, he could tell us of his feats in the time of Louis Quatorze; but he must have been already a man when most of our fathers were "muling and puking in the nurse's arms." In short he is rich in years and in honours too, so far. But Lavater would find a difference, almost antipodal, between his features and those of the previous month's professor, Horace Vernet: not from immense difference in age, but from a wide dissimilarity in all that constitutes character of feature. Our professor this month is M. Nanteuil, also sculptor, distinguished by some really good works; one of which, a female stung by a serpent, in the Palais Royal garden, everybody must admire. But whether it be that these patriarchs in Art have cooled down in genius, or that they can't be "bothered" professing seriously, certain it is, some of them make a mere sham of correcting; passing along with a few mere commonplaces, and helping no one jot the earnest young student. They might as well stay away, and evidently would do so, were it not for the 2400 francs (nearly £100) attached to this whiling away two hours, twice or three times a week, for a month.

I must quote you a fine sentence of the distinguished and intellectual Minister of Public Instruction, the Count of Salvandy, on his being reproached in the Chamber with taking more than his share of Legion of Honour decorations; for an old custom gives him only nine per cent. "What!" exclaimed he, "is there one here who believes that the proportion of nine per cent. corresponds to the intellectual greatness of our country! At a time when we complain, and with reason, of an exaggerated tendency towards gross and material appetites, forget not that the literary and scientific career does not always lead to fortune; and that services rendered in that career ought, above all others, to be remunerated by honourable distinction." Is there no little mocking-bird about your Court, to whistle this last sentence in at certain windows every morning?

In the Louvre, all the antiquities lately brought from Greece, Algiers, Asia Minor, and Egypt, are being arranged on part of the ground floor, hitherto unoccupied publicly. *When* the arrangement may be finished is another question. I have visited the small part already arranged, consisting of relics of sculpture from Nineveh, "that great city." Art, be sure, like the world, is not so new as we have thought it. From laughing at the inscrutable calendars of the Hindoo and

* A venerable old man (the Abbé), De Lamennais; too true a disciple of the Great Teacher to be acceptable to any Church, least of all to that of Rome.

† The Countess d'Agoult; distinguished by her thoughts on Liberty, Literature, and Art, under the signature, Daniel Stern.

Chinese cosmogonies, we shall get yet to think them not much too strong. There are a knowledge and a style in these ruined bas-reliefs which show that they were not the birth of a day's experience. From them to Phidias is not "a great gulf." There are even a knowledge of anatomy, and a skilful application of it, which it would be *pas mal* of many of your young students to be able to display at this day. Some are religious and some are battle subjects. In the latter, especially, there are often boldly portrayed movements and efforts at arrangement which, had they but been accompanied by a daring entry into foreshortening, would have made them subjects for study worthy not only of the "exceeding great city of three days' journey," into which the most ancient of all the prophets only "began to enter a day's journey," but even of the chisel of Greece, perhaps centuries of centuries after.

Journals, artistic and other, for the last three weeks have been reclaiming fiercely against the concentrating, by Government, into the hands of single artists the three chief divisions (architecture, statues, and bas-reliefs) of the works which, limited, are to form the great National Monument in the Invalides, the Tomb of the Emperor. One artist, Simart, for the execution of the statue of Napoleon, and the ten great bas-reliefs, has placed in his hands about £8000. A hundred and forty feet by seven of bas-reliefs is certainly task enough to keep in motion the brains and hands of one man, for a short time. For twelve caryatides, Pradier has been paid about £9600; and the architect Visconti will no doubt come out of the affair equally well spoil-loaded. However, *on dit* that two of the bas-reliefs are to be confided to Jouffroy, who had already obtained one of the two at the entry of the crypt; and whose lately-finished 'St. Bernard'—one of the best draped and most fitly arranged figures of modern sculpture—has served to raise still higher a talent already distinguished by the *façade* of the Jeunes Aveugles, the Baptistry of St. Germain-Lauxerrois, and other works. The *ensemble* of the Tomb, the subjects of the bas-reliefs, &c., this letter is already too long to enter upon; but in my next I hope to give you an idea of the whole monument, from personal view.——Ingres is at present painting a portrait of the Baroness Rothschild. Considerable bitterness has been fermented by the expectation that he was to monopolize the whole paintings in the elegant new Church of St Vincent de Paul; but he has declined the undertaking, having already, it appears, enough in hand, or in prospect, for his tack of time.——H. Lehmann has begun a portrait of Lamartine, and a picture for the Duke of Montpensier.——Foyatier, whose energetic 'Spartacus' is one of the best statues in the Tuileries Garden, has finished a 'Joan of Arc,' the bronze for which has been furnished by the Ministry, from English cannon taken in battle.——The grand altar of St. Eustache has at length been cleared of the scaffolding; and the Chapel of the Virgin at St. Germain-Lauxerrois, painted by Amaury Duval, has just been opened. But to mention properly works lately executed or executing in chapels and other edifices, by order of the town and other authorities, would require a separate article, which I may give when you have space for it, and would stir up other towns to "go and do likewise." J. O. M.

GERMANY.—Munich.—One of the luminaries of art, William von Kaulbach, will shortly leave our metropolis for Berlin, where he intends remaining a considerable time, for the purpose of executing the fresco of 'The Fall of the Empire of Nimrod,' a full account of which we gave in our last number. We anticipate much from the artist, who intends to paint it in a novel method which secures the utmost durability with all the brilliancy of oil-colours.——We hear the King of Prussia has engaged Steinle and Veit to paint 'The Last Judgment'—thus imitating the King of Bavaria's protection of art.——F. von Schnorr will shortly arrive from Dresden to continue the frescoes in our Koenigsbau (King's new palace). Our Pinacothesa has hitherto contained but few works of the old French masters; the King, therefore, has ordered the purchase from the collection of Cardinal Fesch of one of the masterpieces of Eustache Le Sueur, 'Christ with Martha,' to be placed in the room where the pictures of the Italian and French schools are exhibited.——Eugene Neureuther has made another beautiful etching illustrative of the chief incidents of one of Grimm's German fairy tales, 'Aschenbuttel,' or 'Aschenbroedel,' in the same style as his former production, 'Dornroeschen' (Eglantine). We only regret that in Germany so little love for this description of artistic works prevails: the reason undoubtedly arises from the insufficient knowledge the people at large possess of its beauty and merit. The popularity of any branch of the Fine Arts must depend, in a greater or less degree, upon the ability of the majority of a community to estimate its true worth, and this can only be effected by art-education.——King Louis, convinced that the painting of altar-pictures deserves encouragement in itself, independently of the localities where they are placed, has ordered Henry von Hess to execute one of large dimensions for the Pinacotheca.——The very able sculptor Widnmann, of our metropolis, is about to model a colossal bust of Frederic List, the late famous national economist. Judging from the sketch, it will be a fine work of art.

Wurzburg (Lower Franconia).—The present age, we rejoice to remark, is productive of monumental art, inasmuch as every city or country seems desirous of commemorating important events or honouring the illustrious by the erection of such works of art. King Louis, bearing in mind the great and enduring merits of the old Bishop Julius Echter von Mespelbrunn, † 1617, the founder of the University and of the Academical Hospital (one of the greatest establishments of this kind in Germany, and celebrated for the medical school connected with it), some time since resolved to place a colossal bronze statue of the prelate, in front of the noble and magnificent building of the Institution. The statue was modelled by the very able Munich sculptor Widnmann, and cast in the Royal Foundry of the metropolis of Bavaria, where this splendid work, prior to its removal, was exhibited and much admired. It forms a noble ornament to the city, which till now had not anything recommendable in monumental art. The idea may be dated so far back as the King's residence in the Palace of Wurzburgh (one of the finest royal abodes in Europe), when Crown Prince.

Stuttgart.—A painter in Heilbronn (one of the provincial towns of Wurtemberg), named Gustavus Baumann, has invented an ingenious substitute for oil-painting, by preparing metal plates for taking impressions of drawings in oil-colours. It will be remembered that a few years ago a Prussian gentleman, Lipmann, discovered a method of imitating oil-pictures; but there is not the least similarity in the two contrivances. Baumann is about to publish a specimen of his art, the portrait of the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg. It is extraordinary how fertile the present age is in expedients to facilitate the making of works of art popular among the public.

Vienna.—This year's Exhibition, containing exclusively works by native artists, possessed, on the whole, no claim to a higher rank than mediocrity. Among the better productions of historical painting, of which there were many examples, we noticed Rahl's 'Manfred'; Schwemminger's 'Parting of Chriemhild from Siegfried'; Wursinger's 'Death of King Ottocar of Bohemia'; Engerth's 'Combat of King Ladislaus with Akus the Comane'; some scriptural subjects by a young artist, Von Zichy (whose talent promises much), and Bender; and a fine painting by Francis Hayes of a subject from Venetian history. *Genre*-painting, abounding here as everywhere from very obvious causes, and assuming a more dignified character, becomes from day to day more prevalent among our artists, of whom a great number formerly mistook scurrility and frivolousness for the worthier object of *genre*-painting.

Dusseldorf.—One of the most important engravings produced in any age is that on the eve of completion by Professor Keller for the Kunstverein (Art-Union) of this place, from Raffaelle's celebrated fresco in the Vaticau, 'The Dispute on the Sacrament.' The composition of this subject—one of the four great works executed for Pope Julius II., in the Hall della Signatura—is an ideal representation of the Council in which the controversies on the Sacrament of the Eucharist were terminated: the painter has, consequently, introduced in his picture, with that license which artists as well as poets claim, an "assembly of various persons who did not belong to the same age, but whom a common zeal for the defence of the faith and its doctrines has united in the honours awarded them by the Church." Thus we see in the group, prophets, patriarchs, apostles, and the hosts of heaven, associated with the saints and theologians of the Catholic Church; above all, in a glory, appears the Trinity." "This work," says one of Raffaelle's biographers, "remains the true intermediate point of the artist's life, which, dividing it into two equal parts, seems to measure both the road he had gone over and that he had still to traverse." M. Keller went to Rome in 1842 for the purpose of making a drawing from the picture, which, he is of opinion, is fast going to decay: this drawing measures about five feet by four and a half, and is very elaborately finished; the engraving, which is nearly of the same size, will, therefore, be one of the largest in existence, and reflects the highest credit on a society whose judgment and taste have induced them to select so worthy a subject whereon to exercise the skill of the engraver: we confidently expect M. Keller's plate will do honour to himself and those who employed him to execute it. The prints will be distributed to the subscribers who were not prize-holders of the year, and had been subscribers for five preceding years; but it is also expected that some will be struck off for circulation in other countries. 'The Dispute on the Sacrament' was engraved by Volpato, but on a smaller scale.

ITALY.—Naples, May 21.—This day the inauguration of the splendid monument, erected at the expense and by order of the Crown Prince of Bavaria to the memory of Conradine, the last of the Hohenstauffens, took place in the Church of St. Mary del Carmine, in the presence of the royal benefactor, who thus honoured the fate of that magnanimous but unfortunate German Prince whose end terminated the most memorable era of the middle ages. This noble work of Art, modelled at Rome by Thorwaldsen, was there executed in Carrara marble by the very able German sculptor, P. Schoëpf, a resident of the same city. The pedestal, with its additional ornaments, is the sculptor's own work, exhibiting on one side the Prince taking his last farewell of his mother, and on the reverse, his bidding adieu to his fellow-sufferer, Prince Frederic. We may infer from this circumstance, and from the fact of the Crown Prince having visited almost all the ateliers and studios of the most eminent artists at Rome, and giving commissions for various works, that he has the same love for the Fine Arts as his illustrious father.

AMERICA.—New York.—Our June number contained a critical notice of the Annual Exhibition in this city; we have since been furnished by our correspondent with the Seventh Report of the American Art-Union. This Society differs in some essential features of its plans from our own, inasmuch as it delegates to the Committee of Management the task of selecting the prizes, and the committee are elected annually by the members. The subscription is five dollars, entitling each subscriber to an engraving—the production of native artists—and also to the chance of a picture or other work of art. The Institution keeps an office and free picture gallery always open, from which purchases are made from time to time, as the funds accumulate, till the end of the year, when the distribution takes place.* During the past year the income of the Society amounted to 22,285 dollars—a sum which permitted the committee to purchase 140 pictures, varying in price from fifteen to six hundred dollars. This year, the subscriptions having much increased, it is proposed to distribute two large engravings and 200 bronze medals. It is truly gratifying to see a love of the Fine Arts spreading among a nation "whose constant care was to increase its *store*."

Montreal.—The catalogue of the First Annual Exhibition of Pictures in this city has reached us. It contains a list of nearly two hundred paintings of various descriptions. With the names of the artists and the character of their works we are, of course, unacquainted; but, as the circulation of our Journal is rapidly advancing on the other side of the Atlantic, we hope shortly to be in a position to report more fully the progress art is there making.

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* We beg to direct the attention of our English societies to this arrangement; for many reasons most desirable.

THE FLOWER-GROUPS OF M. BRAUN.

GLASS VESSELS, &c., FOR ICE.

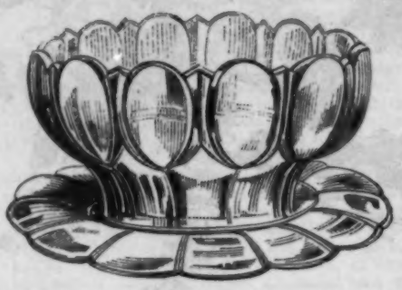
A few years back, the idea of employing their ships and their steam-vessels in the importation of a commodity so seemingly unprofitable as Ice, would never have entered the minds of even our most enterprising and speculative merchants; but the progress of civilization, and the increase of wealth, have always engendered a demand, and a necessity, either actual or imaginary, for articles of luxury and utility, of which former generations stood not in need. The iron age of Rome—the contemporaries of Brutus and Cato—knew nothing of the sumptuous indulgences to which their successors yielded after their conquests in the east; nor was the prodigality of Antony so profuse as that of Vitellius, Heliogabalus, Galba, and Domitian, when

> "luxury
> In palaces, lay straining her low thoughts
> To form unreal wants,"

and senates met to consult on the best mode of dressing a turbot. But the introduction of expensive habits, and even of superfluous gratifications into a crowded community, is not without its advantages, inasmuch as it calls into existence and action an endless variety of occupations, furnishing employment to multitudes, and supplying abundant material for labour, skill, and invention. So long as mankind are satisfied with the mere necessaries of life, they must be content to remain "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" but the first inroad being made on their early simplicity of customs and manners, it is easy to foresee that refinement, magnificence, the cultivation of the arts and sciences, and the enjoyments of polished society will follow as natural results.

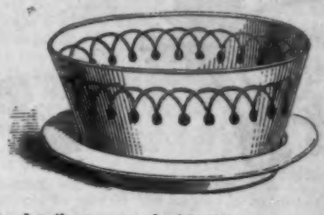
Among the articles of commerce which the requirements of modern habits have rendered necessary, none appears so singular as the importation of ice to this country from the other side of the Atlantic. That an extensive demand for this article should exist will, however, occasion no surprise, if we consider it not only as an article of luxurious indulgence, but also as one of obvious utility. As a means of preserving meat, fish, butter, and various other comestibles requiring a low temperature, its advantages are abundantly manifest, nor less so when applied to medical purposes: the use of ice in the cooling of wines is not a modern custom; for classic authors inform us, that when the Romans brought their wine to table, it was passed through strainers in which were small pieces of ice, and it was sometimes both cooled and diluted by an admixture of snow, with the mode of preserving which, for summer use, the ancients appear to have been acquainted from a very remote period. Till within the last year or two, the difficulty and cost of procuring ice in this country, and of keeping it till required, had confined the use of it mainly to the affluent; but the spirit of American mercantile enterprise, suggested the idea of importing hither a quantity of the Arctic crystal, which met with so ready a sale, that a company was sooner after formed for the purpose of introducing it on a far more extended scale, and at a large reduction of price; so that in the place of a disagreeable and inferior article, collected from all the ponds and ditches in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, we are now supplied in abundance and perfection, with a pure and wholesome commodity, fresh as the springs from which it is formed.

Wenham Lake, whence the largest supplies are derived, is situated about eighteen miles from Boston, in the United States; it is a beautiful sheet of water, covering an area of nearly five hundred acres, and has always been celebrated for its remarkable purity, having no inlet, and being fed solely by springs; its elevation above the level of the sea is considerable; surrounded by hills, and at a distance from any large city, it receives no contamination. Owing to the great depth of the lake, the ice obtained from it is remarkable for its solid qualities, so different from that procured from shallow waters, which is spongy in its texture, and consequently dissolves rapidly when exposed to the air. Owing also to the elevation of the Lake, the ice there formed is frozen at *a much lower temperature* (an average of about *zero* of Fahrenheit) than it would be in a warmer situation; and it consequently requires much greater exposure to bring it to the temperature at which it melts. People lose sight of the fact that, although water *will* freeze at 32 degrees, ice is formed from that point down to perhaps 25 degrees below zero; and with each reduction in temperature at the time of formation, increased perfection of crystallization and increase of solidity is attained. It requires a



lower temperature to form ice *at all* upon deep water than upon shallow, and, consequently, all ice so formed is of better quality.

Thousands of tons of ice are now annually shipped from Boston to the East Indies, the West Indian Archipelago, to South America, and to Europe; the elevation of the lake insuring the formation of a supply every winter, even when the mildness of the season has caused a total failure in the *crops* in the same locality: this was the case during the winter of 1845, at which period the Wenham Lake Ice Company were alone able to meet the demands for the article.



The details connected with this trade are both novel and interesting; our space will only allow of a brief allusion to them. On the verge of the lake, the company have erected storehouses, capable of containing 20,000 tons of ice: these houses are constructed of wood, with double walls all round, two feet apart; the intermediate space

being filled with sawdust, which serves as a non-conductor of heat between the ice and the external air. When the ice first forms, it is carefully kept free from snow, until it has become a foot thick; then it is considered fit to be cut: this process commences by driving a small hand-plough over the surface in transverse directions, marking the ice into squares of twenty-one inches; another plough drawn by a single horse, follows, which cuts it to a depth of six inches; one entire range

of blocks is then sawed out, and the remainder are split off towards the opening thus made, with an iron bar; a slight blow being sufficient for that purpose, especially in very cold weather. When disengaged from the mass, the block is taken up by means of an ice-hook, placed upon a platform, which stands ready for the purpose, and upon this, when sufficiently loaded, it is drawn over the ice, and finally deposited in the store-house.

Forty men and twelve horses will cut and stow away four hundred tons a day; in favourable weather one hundred men are sometimes employed

at once, for in addition to filling their own ice-houses at the lake and in the large towns, the company fill a large number of private ice-houses

during the winter. When required for shipment, the ice is packed with sawdust, and conveyed in air-tight boxes by railway to Boston, from which port, in the winter of 1845, 75,000 tons were shipped, employing two hundred outward-bound vessels. The average price at which this valuable article may be obtained in London, is about £6 10*s.* per ton. Upwards of 5,000 tons have already been imported into England, and it is a somewhat surprising circumstance connected with its transit, that though transported to this country in the heat of summer, the blocks are scarcely, if at all, reduced in bulk; a fact which is accounted for by the low temperature at which they are frozen, and by their being so large that they expose a very small surface, in proportion to their weight, to atmospheric action, and consequently are not so liable to be dissolved as smaller and thinner pieces are.

The probability of the use of this luxury becoming general, from the facility with which it may be obtained, and its comparatively low cost, has induced our manufacturers to turn their attention to the construction of appropriate utensils for its ordinary introduction at table. For this purpose glass appears to be the fittest material, as harmonising better with the transparent and brilliant substance it may hold, than either gold or silver, or any other metal. Among the numerous designs we have seen, none appear more suitable or more elegant, than the various dishes, jugs, pails, &c., manufactured by Messrs. F. and C. Osler, some of which we think worth introducing to our readers by means of engravings. The first two on the opposite page represent ice-dishes; these as well as the other articles, are made either in transparent, or in frosted glass, as it is termed, or with the two qualities combined; in this latter state, they are particularly beautiful.

In order to prevent the ice from dissolving too rapidly by remaining in the water, which a heated room will unavoidably produce, the dish is provided with a moveable glass lining, perforated in the centre, and having *slots* or grooves down the side; these carry off the superabundant moisture, and leave the blocks of ice still solid and comparatively dry. Water is the greatest enemy of ice. Sunshine melts it far less rapidly than even cold water. Water at 40 degrees will dissolve ice more rapidly than *dry* air at 70 degrees. Our second engraving consists of an ice-plate and a goblet for water, each good of their kind, and of distinct patterns. The jug and large dish which follow are excellent examples of glass manufacture, correct in outline, massive in construction, yet without heaviness; the upper part of these jugs is sometimes made transparent, and the lower left frosted or opaque; the effect of this is both chaste and elegant. The last two objects are vases or pails, which may be used either as wine-coolers, or for freezing fruits, creams &c.; they are exceedingly graceful in form, and must add considerably to the elegance of a well-furnished table.

In America, every respectable family makes use of ice in a greater or less degree, but we have yet to learn the various applications of which it is susceptible. By means of a *Refrigerator*, or portable ice-house, every housekeeper would be enabled in the most sultry weather to keep for weeks, if necessary, joints of meat, and every kind of eatable likely to be spoiled by exposure to a warm temperature; a block of ice, weighing a few pounds, placed within it, is a supply for several days; or a piece put in contact with butter or jellies, will preserve their solid consistence, and prevent unnecessary waste. As a mere matter of economy alone, its use should be as extensive, as its advantages are great. Another advantage is also a modern introduction. In place of the ordinary spoons, Messrs. Osler supply "ice-tongs," which accompany the ice dish; and which are necessarily constructed with teeth, so as to assist the removal of the ice-lump to the wine-cooler or the drinking glass.

Messrs. Osler have devoted much attention to this subject: no manufacturers of Glass in England—and certainly none on the Continent—have succeeded in introducing purer or more delicate crystal: in this respect their produce far surpasses that of Bohemia: and they have been led to study good forms and ornamentation in the articles they manufacture for Ice, not only because they are assiduously seeking improvements of all kinds, but because the Wenham Lake Ice Company have selected their establishment, as admirably calculated, from its nature and extent, to promote the plans in progress for the use of ice on a still more general and enlarged scale. Messrs. Osler have consequently been justified in an expenditure that, perhaps, mere "chance sale" could scarcely have warranted. The objects we have engraved are but few of many: for they have manufactured a large variety of all shapes, sizes, and prices. It will be readily understood that although our engravings represent the forms of some of them—with sufficient accuracy—they convey no idea of the exceedingly brilliant, beautiful, and interesting effect of the originals. As this is "the season" when these objects are in especial request, we have thought it desirable to direct public attention to them: as we have said, however, our copies give but a faint idea of the works produced—with reference either to their character or their number.*

It is most essential that every "new luxury," should, as far as possible, be rendered auxiliary to art: this view Messrs. Osler have taken, and we have much pleasure in tendering to them our assistance in working out the improvements they are so assiduously striving to introduce. We have more than once had occasion to observe, that every manufacturer is either advancing or retarding Art-education, by every object he produces and circulates. The use of ice, now a luxury, will soon become a necessity: facilities for its acquisition will greatly increase; it cannot fail to promote health as well as enjoyment, on "easy terms;" and we rejoice to find the manufacturer keeping pace, in his way, with the popular taste.

The magnificent work of Messrs. Osler—the Candelabrum produced for the Pacha of Egypt—we described, accompanied by an illustration, in the "Art-Union" of January last. This stupendous work may yet be seen, at their establishment, 44, Oxford-street. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the process of manufacture is *not* carried on by these gentlemen in London; their manufactory being in Birmingham. It is highly interesting to examine this stupendous candelabrum in association with the smaller, yet equally brilliant articles under review, together with a mass of objects for all the varied domestic purposes to which glass can be, or rather to which it has been, applied—from the simple and cheap wine-glass, sold for a few pence, up to the costly chandelier of the most beautiful and valuable character. It is impossible to imagine any description of glass manufacture more elegant and tasteful than some of the last-mentioned articles. The forms manufactured in glass by Messrs. Osler, however, are by no means limited to the ordinary "run" of objects in that material: they have very recently issued a small statuette—a sleeping child—which may fairly be classed among works of high art; in delicacy and beauty it far surpasses any work of the kind hitherto manufactured in this country. In short, their establishment affords indubitable proof that the hopes which followed the abolition of legislative restrictions on glass (one of the many wise measures for which British manufacturers and the British public are indebted to Sir Robert Peel) are on the eve of being realized. We may confidently look for improvements in this material, of which hitherto we have had no conception.

* The more general use of Ice has, indeed, already led to plans for its artificial production; to some of these we may take an early opportunity of directing attention. We have recently seen a block of ice, two feet in length and nearly two inches in thickness, produced from pure cold spring water in twenty minutes, by the process of M. Masters; and an advertisement, inserted in the June number of our Journal, announces several articles—the inventions of Messrs. Lings and Keith—for its rapid "manufacture" and effectual preservation.

PORTRAITS OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

No. 5.—E. H. Baily, Esq., R.A.

This distinguished sculptor was born at Bristol, on the 10th of March, 1788; his early predilection for Art developed itself in the execution of small wax busts, in the treatment of which he displayed a close observation of character. The first emotion of a higher aspiration was felt by Mr. Baily on seeing a work by the elder Bacon, which had been placed in Bristol Cathedral in memory of Mrs. Draper; and it is said that, but for such accident, he might have devoted his lifetime to wax, and have lived in obscurity; but this is not probable, for, with a mind strung to be touched by poetic art, it was not by this or that particular work that he was to be affected, but by the first sentiment sufficiently beautiful to be deeply felt. The wax was therefore laid aside and clay substituted; portraiture was succeeded by imaginative composition; imitation yielded to original impulse; and even at this early period, moved by the desire of acquiring reputation, he consulted Flaxman's compositions from Homer for the spirit of his first models in clay. These early attempts were so successful that the young artist was summoned to London by Flaxman himself, under whose tuition he studied for seven years and a-half. This memorable epoch was the year 1807, Mr. Baily being then nineteen years of age. During the period of his study under Flaxman, he was also a pupil of the Royal Academy, in which arena he so far distinguished himself as to obtain the silver medal in 1809, and in 1811 he gained the gold medal, and was further rewarded with a purse of fifty guineas. The first of his exhibited works which attracted general attention was a figure of 'Apollo,' represented as discharging his arrows against the Greeks—a work which made so favourable an impression as to procure his election as an Associate of the Royal Academy, a distinction to which he acceded in the year 1817. Mr. Baily's 'Eve at the Fountain,' was exhibited the following year, and this infinitely beautiful production acquired for him a reputation in the continental schools. This work was executed in marble and exhibited three years afterwards, when it was purchased by the people of Bristol, and is now placed in the Literary Institution of his native city. In the same year, that is in 1820, Mr. Baily was elected a Royal Academician, and was immediately commissioned to execute for Buckingham Palace the centre and south pediments, the side of the Triumphal Arch facing the Palace, and the *bassi relievi* of the throne-room, and also the models of the figures, which were afterwards executed in stone for the tops of the pediments. From that time to the present, Mr. Baily has continued to gather reputation by the execution of a series of works, so numerous and excellent that any descriptive catalogue of them must be carried to very considerable length; the necessary brevity of this memoir precludes us from giving more than a passing glance at a few of them; and these chiefly of his later productions. In 1839 he exhibited at the Royal Academy, a colossal 'Statue of Mr. Telford,' the eminent engineer; a work of the highest excellence; and in the following year, a statue of the late Earl of Egremont, forming part of a monument enriched, in the church at Petworth. In 1841, his principal work was 'Eve listening to the Voice,' a repetition of the sculptor's 'Eve at the Fountain;' but of course with a new reading of the passage from Milton: we have a perfect recollection of this beautiful statue;—faultless in form, and exquisitely true in expression. In 1843 Mr. Baily's contributions were, a 'Statue of Dr. Wood,' Master of St. John's College, Cambridge; a marble 'Statue of Psyche;' and a graceful little 'Statue of Helena unveiling herself to Paris.' The year following gave us the model of a colossal 'Statue of Mr. Dawson, Dean of St. Patrick's' and the model of a small 'Statue of Paris:' the former work was subsequently executed in marble and erected in the cathedral of Dublin. In his statues he has been generally very felicitous, we may instance those of Lord Egremont, Lord Grey, Lord Nelson, to which a score of others might be added—the greater number of them being 'monumental;' in short, in this department of his Art there are some of his works which have not been excelled by those of any living sculptor, and in poetry he has produced some of the very highest class of excellence.

No. 6.—E. M. Ward, A.R.A.

Mr. Edward Matthw Ward was born in Belgrave Place, Pimlico, in the year 1816; and manifested, at a very early period, that inclination to pursue the Arts as a profession, which has since led to the achievement of considerable distinction, and the promise of still higher repute, inasmuch as his career can be scarcely said to be more than 'commenced.' At the age of fourteen, he obtained a silver palette at the Society of Arts, for a drawing in pen and ink; and about the same time he made several original designs from the works of his relative, Horace Smith, and from those of Washington Irving. The attention which these drawings excited, led, probably, to his ultimate destination; for they received the approval of 'Connoisseurs,' and induced his family to consider the policy of setting him seriously to study Art. His formal studies were begun at the age of sixteen, and among those to whom he was earliest indebted for encouragement, were Sir Francis Chantrey and Sir David Wilkie; from the latter of whom he obtained a letter of recommendation as a probationer, the result of which was his admission as a student, of the Royal Academy, in 1835. In 1836 he visited Rome, where he remained upwards of two years, devoting his time and energies to studying the works of the great masters of the Italian schools, and in drawing the human figure; facilities for which so abundantly exist in the 'Eternal City.' In 1838 Mr. Ward obtained a silver medal, in the class of historical composition, in the Academy of St. Luke. Subsequently, he visited and resided for some time at Munich, studying painting in fresco, under Cornelius. Returning to England in 1839, he first exhibited a picture of 'Cimabue and Giotto,' by which he gathered 'golden opinions;'* and these have been confirmed and extended since, in the several exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the British Institution.

The following is a list of the principal works painted by Mr. Ward since his return up to this time: 'Buonaparte in prison at Nice'—in the collection of the Duke of Wellington: 'Dr. Johnson reading the Vicar of Wakefield in the lodgings of Dr. Goldsmith;' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1843 (engraved by Mr. Bellin), 'La Fleur's Departure' (of which a Lithographic print was issued by the Art-Union of London), and 'Goldsmith on his Travels'—(now engraving by Mr. W. H. Simmons), both exhibited in 1844; 'Johnson, in the Ante-room of Lord Chesterfield,' exhibited in 1845—in the collection of Robert Vernon, Esq.; 'The Fall of Clarendon,' in the collection of Lord Northwick; and 'The South Sea Bubble,' now in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, and purchased by Robert Vernon, Esq.

In 1846, Mr. Ward was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, under circumstances peculiarly honourable to him, inasmuch, as there was then but one vacancy declared, which he was appointed to fill.

Mr. Ward is the nephew of Horace Smith, the distinguished author of "Rejected Addresses," &c.; and it is highly to his credit that he manifests originality of thought in the selection of his subjects, invariably resorting to some rich, but comparatively hidden, source; and not contented, as unfortunately too many of our artists are, with a mere adoption to the suggestions of predecessors. His mind is of a high order; in all his works there is evidence, not alone of fertile and discursive fancy, but of sound intellect; added to this is the power of continual labour to produce right effects by right means. His paintings exhibit none of that mere skill by which a momentary astonishment is induced at the subsequent cost of satisfaction. Industry is apparent as well as genius; and while very few of our artists are better grounded in a thorough knowledge of art, still fewer exhibit so judicious a determination to apply it wisely.

* In reviewing this work in our journal, in 1840, we spoke of it as 'finely painted,' as "giving evidence of mind as well as power:" and in the year following, writing of his "King Lear," we offered the following remark: "The artist has entered on the arduous and honourable career of an historical painter; and sure we are that he will excel in it." We presume to say, that we very often revert, with no small satisfaction, to our prognostics of past years, when we find an artist attaining, or establishing, fame.

INDIGO IN MANUFACTURES.

Indigo is a most valuable and permanent blue dye. Though very early known in India, it was not brought into Europe before the sixteenth century, and only then used as a paint. The Dutch, in the seventeenth century, were the first to employ it in dyeing. Queen Elizabeth prohibited its importation, as it was supposed to be a corrosive substance, and was called "food for the Devil." Charles II. permitting the importation of indigo, its importance soon became generally known. The plants yielding it were cultivated in Mexico and the West Indies, and the indigo from these parts obtained a preference, which rousing the energies of our enlightened countrymen in the East, they so much improved its production as to advance its character, and now large quantities are imported into England from our Indian possessions.

Indigo may be obtained from several plants, and probably from all, as nearly the same effect is produced on them by light and atmospheric air as on the colouring matter of indigo. Most persons are aware that plants grown in dark and confined places bear leaves nearly white, which, when exposed to light and air, assume their natural colour.

The manufacturer of indigo obtains it from the plants called *Nerium tinctorium*, *Indigo fera tinctoria*, *Indigo fera Guatemala*, *Indigo fera Argentis*, and *Isatis tinctoria*, or woad found wild in many parts of England; but it requires peculiar treatment, and produces only a very small quantity. The three first-named plants are usually employed; they are immersed in water and permitted to ferment—that is, to putrefy; the liquor is then drawn off into other cisterns, and well stirred until it assumes a curdled appearance. Lime-water is now added, and the blue matter left to subside; the water is drawn off, and the indigo, being first drained in bags, is dried in the shade.

The surest method to obtain the indigo pure is by sublimation, which operation is best effected by applying heat to it placed in a platinum crucible; at a proper temperature bluish crimson vapour will arise, which may be collected by suspending over the crucible a paper cone, and the vapour will, on condensing, form in crystals; thus obtained, it is composed only of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen.

Extract of indigo, or purified indigo, has been in use amongst the English dyers of silk, woollen, and cotton, and also silk, woollen, and cotton printers, for upwards of twenty years. It was first introduced into the market, as we are informed, by Mr. Housman, of Battersea, in conjunction with another gentleman, in the year 1826, but in a very imperfect form. Since that time the attention of Mr. Housman has been more or less directed to its improvement by endeavouring, most effectually, to separate the pure colouring matter from the impure portion of indigo, which all indigo contains more or less, according to its quality.

From the above remarks on the manufacture of indigo, it will be seen that indigo contains much matter which renders it impossible to produce a pure blue from indigo in its original state.

After almost innumerable experiments, Mr. Housman has succeeded in producing an "extract of indigo" which has been pronounced by scientific English dyers to be the most perfect article yet offered to their notice; and which the specimens submitted to us, in our judgment, will undoubtedly confirm.

The French method of producing their best blues is by first taking the colour upon wool or silk, and then discharging it again by an alkali. This is a tedious and expensive process. Extract of indigo, manufactured by Mr. Housman, will produce equally good colours, and at a much less cost.

To various classes of manufacturers the improvement to which this article has been subjected is a boon of great importance: it enters into so large a variety of fabrications that to obtain it pure is a matter of the highest value. From the various specimens submitted to us we are justified in recommending it to the attentive consideration and careful examination of those by whom it may be needed. Our columns cannot be better occupied than in making known such valuable accessories to Industrial Art: for, while we are progressing in design, it is most essential that we should advance also in material.

ENGRAVED BY J. SMYTH. FROM A DRAWING BY T. BRIDGEFORD.

ENGRAVED BY J. SMYTH. FROM A PAINTING BY T. BRIGSTOCKE.

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FELIX SUMMERLY'S

ART-MANUFACTURE.

In our last, we recorded with pleasure the attempts made by this gentleman to induce artists of eminence and ability to design for purposes of Industrial Art: we have since had an opportunity of examining several of the objects produced under his arrangements; and, if the result be not entirely satisfactory, the move is, at all events, one in a good direction, and from which we may anticipate very beneficial consequences hereafter. We have to thank him for actually beginning—for practically working out—a project we have long counselled and hoped for; but the accomplishment of which required more leisure than we could possibly command. If Felix Summerly does that which we should rejoice to have done, we shall cordially thank, and as earnestly assist, him. To him be the honour that belongs to the accomplishment of a great project; to us the meagre merit of its recommendation.

During our various visits to the Continent, we have had ample means of knowing that great minds will not scruple to condescend to small things:—the leading artists of France and Germany do not consider they lose caste by designing even a saucepan: they but follow the examples of the ancient masters; they minister to the enjoyment, cultivate the tastes, enlighten the understandings, and excite the higher sympathies of the multitude, when refining objects in every-day use—and so fulfil the loftiest part of the mission of genius to mankind.

We need but point attention to the memoirs published in this journal of Heideloff and Neureuther in Germany as precedents sufficiently conclusive for the artists of Great Britain.

It is, therefore, with no small satisfaction we find, in the published list of Felix Summerly, the names of Mulready, Maclise, Redgrave, Herbert, Townsend, Bell, &c. &c., as either directly or indirectly providing models for manufacturers, and guiding them to truth and the "fitness of things." But, if our artists have much to teach, they have something to learn; this is, we humbly think, obvious to all who have examined the specimens referred to—the three or four already issued.

The Manufacturers of the Continent (it cannot be denied) are better acquainted with Art than are ours; while the Continental artists are more familiar with the operations—the drawbacks, and the facilities—of the manufacturers for whom they design. Thus they, in a great measure, work together. As yet, there has been little or no intercourse between these classes in England. It has been with us a leading purpose to bring them together—privately as well as publicly; and to show how mutually advantageous such intercourse might become. We hope to achieve this object still more effectually—convinced that herein consists the only real difficulty that stands in the way of both.

Two considerations are essential to the adaptation of works of Art to purposes of general domestic utility—"*price* and *fitness*." If the articles do not range within a moderate sum, such as may be at the command of the many who would gladly avail themselves of the introduction, the demand will necessarily be limited; however admirable the objects themselves, they are "out of reach;" and Art continues—what it has been too long—exclusive. Again, if "*fitness*" for the purposes to which they are to be applied be not a material feature in the arrangement, the same result will ensue. It is to the want of attention to these vital points that the failure which has often awaited many well-meant efforts of British manufacturers may be attributed. They have considered that the production of a work of higher excellence than usual—upon which probably a considerable amount of time, talent, and money has been employed—*must* yield a satisfactory return, without giving due weight to the *first* and *chief* considerations which influence the purchaser—"*price* and *fitness*."

We desire to see *good Art cheap*; and, to a considerable extent, there is no reason why it should not be so. We would so generalize Art, that the objects of daily utility, which are constantly before the eye, should exhibit evidence of taste and judgment—as far as may be compatible with their several purposes; that this feeling should pervade not only the few and costly articles which find purchasers solely among the ranks of nobility and wealth, but that it should be diffused through every branch of our manufactures—that, indeed, it should become a "*national feature*."

Art should not be content to minister to the tastes of the few alone, to whom the possession of its best labours is a luxury; but its healthy influence should be felt among *the million*, awakening the perceptive faculties to a knowledge of its beauties—a desire to profit by its resources; and, at the same time, placing the means of gratification within attainable limits.

The union of Art and Manufacture can only be satisfactory and lasting so long as the interests of both are mutually benefited. If Art, by lavish cost and requirements, cripple manufacturing efforts, a separation must ensue: we by no means see the necessity for this; generally speaking, grace may be produced as cheaply as deformity.

Expensive and intricate detail does not necessarily belong to elegance of form and design; and, as far as regards articles of general utility, the very fact of their possessing these properties proves their *inapplicability* to the purposes for which they are intended: and this remark applies with peculiar force to those which are formed of such brittle materials as porcelain and glass, as in the case of the objects now under review. Let it be understood that these remarks have reference to form and ornament *in relief*.

We had written some remarks upon the beer-jug of Mr. J. H. Townsend, the Cupid inkstand of Mr. Bell, the water-jug of Mr. Redgrave, and a seal-handle of Mr. Bell; but we postpone them, for the present, as we may be able to examine others with them, and probably be enabled to illustrate our criticism by the introduction of engravings of the objects.

The move is an important one; and demands to be treated with deliberation and consideration.

We earnestly hope that Mr. Felix Summerly will succeed in inducing artists not to work only for THE FEW—who, indeed, have already the power to obtain perfection of form and ornamentation, and for whom, therefore, improvements are little required; but for THE MANY, who receive a lesson every time they see or touch a common thing which mind has, so to speak, rendered sacred.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—The annual meeting of the subscribers and donors of the Government School of Design, at Birmingham, has been held. The report was read, and resolutions were passed, the accounts, showing a balance of £417 due to the treasurer, examined, and the prizes distributed; the first to Mr. Aaron Jennens, being one offered by the firm of Jennens and Bettridge, for the best outline from the antique (subject, the 'Laocoon'). Mr. Thomas Lane, the high bailiff, who presided in the absence of the late President, Lord Leigh (who has now given place to the Hon. F. Gough), remarked that, when he considered how much a knowledge of Art was required in the various processes of the different trades of the town—in die-sinking, engraving, brass-founding, plating, chandelier-making, and japanning—all of which were mainly dependent on the Fine Arts, he felt surprised that the School was not more extensively supported. The town only required to be roused to a sense of the importance of the Institution. We shall revert to this subject next month, and, probably, be enabled to make some inquiry concerning the slow progress of this important School.

GLASGOW SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—The report of the second annual meeting of this valuable branch of the Government School has been issued. Eighteen prizes were awarded—for SHADING from "the round in figure," from the "round in ornament," from the "flat in figure," from the "flat in ornament," "outline in ornament," and "from the flat"; but it does not appear that any prize was offered or bestowed for any design or approach to design. The following resolution presents a cheering prospect of the past, and a strong encouragement for the future:—"That this meeting is much gratified to hear of the great increase in the number of pupils attending the School, and of the progress they have made; and, being fully persuaded of the important advantages which cannot fail to accrue to the community at large from the successful operation of a well-conducted School of Design, earnestly solicit continued assistance and support from their fellow-citizens." We select a gratifying passage from the report:—"The ample size of the new building has, as was anticipated, led to a material increase in the number of students. During the year ending in March, 1846, there were admitted to the male classes 549, and to the female class 27; but during the year now closed the admissions to the male classes have been 697, and to the female class 111; being a gross increase of 232 pupils." The 697 pupils are of the following ages:—From twelve to fifteen years, 152; from fifteen to twenty years, 307; from twenty to twenty-five years, 158; from twenty-five to thirty years, 55; from thirty to forty years, 23; from forty to fifty years, 2—Total, 697.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRINT-RESTORING AND PICTURE-CLEANING.

SIR,—As you have seen fit to publish, among others, my method of restoring discoloured engravings, I beg, in submitting a few additional hints, to forward a couple of specimens of restoration. I take leave to think my method will be found to have this advantage over the two mentioned in your Journal, that, whereas the first is partial, tedious of performance, and not altogether effectual, and the second decidedly imperfect, mine is practically easy and thoroughly effectual. The restorations I enclose consist of a leaf in a brown, damp, discoloured state, from Jacob Tonson's edition of "Temple's Letters," published by Dean Swift, A.D. 1700; and the frontispiece to Mr. Hervey's "Meditations," published in his lifetime, and now within three years of a century ago. On examination, I think you will concede that the restored parts (for I have only cleaned one half of each, leaving the other halves in their natural state) bear all the evidence of their original texture and tone—the ink the same freshness and colour, and every mark of the graver as sharp and clean, as if each were a yesterday's performance.

The result of some observation on the subject has led me to notice a few facts which are at the service of your readers. The strongest muriatic acid to its own weight of water, added to the red oxide of lead in the proportion of three of the first to one of the last, makes a sufficiently strong lye, in which a number of prints can be purified. A print, if not cleansed in a short time, may remain in the liquid four-and-twenty hours or longer without harm. The accompanying letterpress was in two days and a night.

Indian-ink stains hold with much tenacity, and should in the first instance be assisted out by hot water. Pencil marks also, if carefully done, should be partially rubbed out with Indian rubber or day-old bread—that is, if the judgment points out it can be safely done, as rubbing an engraving is at any time a hazardous undertaking, by reason of the printing-ink lying slightly above the surface of the paper, thus rendering the work very liable to injury from any species of abrasion.

If a soiled print has been removed from canvas, or otherwise mounted, the paste on the back should be thoroughly removed by warm water; and for this purpose, as also for occasionally raising the print and gently rubbing its surface, I find a couple of quills and a camel-hair pencil exceedingly useful.

So much for print-restoring. If any of your readers still find a difficulty, I will, through the medium of your highly-esteemed Journal, or otherwise, cheerfully solve the same, if within the compass of my humble ability.

Under my communication in your last are a few just strictures on the "art" of picture-cleaning. As I am pen in hand, I will, with permission, add a couple of anecdotes in relation to the subject, premising that if, after reading them, either connoisseurs or amateurs, relying too confidently in their own discriminating judgment (and they, in common with us all, should bear in mind that "the most certain way to be cheated is to fancy oneself more cunning than others"), still remain indifferent what character of picture-doctor they employ, they deserve to have their old masters thoroughly "cleaned" to the canvas. An acquaintance of mine had a small, and it was believed genuine, Vandevelde—the composition, coast scenery and a single stately ship—operated on by a quack cleaner, whose testimonial was an old portrait half restored; the cleaned part redolent of fresh varnish, the befouled half apparently rejoicing in the accumulated filth of many dirty days. Well, after the empiric had concluded his operation, I can assure your readers the picture represented the barque, the whole barque, and nothing but the barque; nay, I should say, only the hull; and certes it would have defied the most skilful body of seamen to "man the yards," seeing the unfortunate ship was denuded of tackle, ropes, shrouds, topsail, mainsail, mizen, staysail, and all the other *etceteras* befitting a proper and duly-rigged craft—leaving little else than the "bare poles" to point out inferentially where once the rigging had been so carefully drawn. All, all were rubbed away at one fell swoop, and with more destruction than the most "pitiless pelting of the storm" when "blowing great guns" could possibly have perpetrated in so short a time. Surely such an operator might safely "warrant the performance to be done in the incredibly short space of two minutes by any gentleman's stop-watch in the company." Details and distance were alike "set at nought" as "useless accessories;" what remained of the Vandevelde presenting the appearance expressed by critics (but in a contrary sense) as "laboured," a term implying "a work in which the pains that have been taken are too perceptible."

Again, not two minutes' pilgrimage from your publishing-office, at a shop in the Strand, may be seen a portrait one half cleaned. A short space of the top, and running the breadth of the picture, are three lines descriptive of its being a "specimen of cleaning old pictures on a new principle;" this is painted in *white* (and remember this), in pure white modern characters. Before we canvas the merits of the "new principle," we should carry well in our eye a very "old principle," as pretty generally exemplified in half-restored paintings by a certain class of operators, namely, to procure a tolerably old portrait in a good state of preservation; to clean the whole yet more with soapsuds; paste over one half with paper; then, by the salutary application of the mucgilp, dot with a judicious admixture of bone brown and the addition of an unlimited quantity of lumber-room dirt; the other half is in a few weeks made to look like one entombed, and on removing the pasted paper presents to the eye as gloomy a contrast to the

resurrection of its bright and blooming counterpart as can reasonably be desired. Now, Sir, if I tell you that the above modern notice, upon which I laid so much stress as being painted in "pure white," is only pure white as far as the limit of the miscalled "cleaning" extends—and that, strange to say, the other half of the *white* notice, instead of looking more brilliant by the contrast of the darker ground on which it is painted, partakes decidedly of the charnel tone on which it rests—I think I shall pretty clearly establish the inference that the picture dirtier has followed the "old principle" as just detailed in making one half filthy, and, foolishly enough, as far as it renders the fraud apparent, *after* the notice was written; and this accounts for one half the white being discoloured, because it was necessarily "dirtied" simultaneously with the uncleaned half. Why, Sir, I would as soon trust such specious renovators, as I would commit my physiognomy to be portrayed by the post-painter commemorated by Foote, whose ambition was confined "to the daubing diabolical angels for alehouses, dogs with chains for tanners' yards, rounds of beef and roasted pigs for Porridge Island." Verily the man who would recklessly commit his Claude or his Guido to the tender mercies of such an one must indeed be as simple as the other is knavish.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

WM. JOHN STANNARD.

6, Warwick-court, Gray's Inn.

[The specimens of print-cleaning with which Mr. Stannard has accompanied the above communication are as satisfactory as can be desired.—ED.]

GLASS-PAINTING.

Berne, May 31, 1847.

SIR,—If I mistake not, your excellent journal has already shown itself not indifferent to the art of glass-painting—such as it should be, and such as it formerly was, when it bore the design and impress of the genuine artist's hand, not the production of the tradesman or mechanic—mere "stained glass." If the information these lines convey can interest yourself or other lovers of this branch of Art, it would much gratify the communicator to have its substance made public for the sake of such through your own more experienced and capable pen. During visits made from time to time to this country and Germany I had amassed, *en amateur*, what might be called a cabinet collection of some of the best specimens of the good period of the Art, more, too, because it was Art, than with any window-making intentions; but ever expecting, and that at no distant period, to lament the exhaustion of these rare specimens, and to know that a genuine Hagebuch or Tobias Stimmer were as little likely to be met with as a Leonardo da Vinci. At this juncture, however, it was reserved for me to rejoice over the successful efforts of a worthy descendant of these names, and to see this "art and mystery" restored in the style of its palmy days, as if it never had its dark and forgotten age. Jean Jaques Müller, a native of this place, but long a resident at Schaffhausen, had devoted himself, with all the talents and skill of a genuine artist, and no mean knowledge in chemistry, to its revival; and it is of the result of his efforts I would speak—of his success which, had I not seen such proofs of, I could not have believed. When I say his work bears worthy comparison with the best specimens of the old craftsmen, I think I hardly do him justice. He is quite equal to those before him, and can boast of a taste not always evident in their work. To an admirable draughtsman he joins a tasteful and fertile designer; and, availing himself of all the excellencies of the old artists, he adapts in the most masterly manner the styles of Albert Durer, Holbein, &c., effecting an harmonious whole which none but a man of great original skill could accomplish. His colours are extremely rich; and, so far as the antique is a standard, perfect. Those which hitherto had been so unsuccessfully imitated—the yellow, ruby, and green—are with him beyond praise. The whole manner of handling he has most perfectly restored—the qualities of shadow, &c.; indeed, I cannot sufficiently praise the perfection of his execution in this respect.

His work is chiefly in armorial bearings, corresponding to the best periods of the art, from 1500—1640. He is, however, capable of a much more extensive field. Heraldry appears to be the glass-painter's refuge. The portraits of the unencouraged artist in *les beaux arts* are little patronised in this country, where the people teach themselves, with Spartan fortitude, to dispense with everything in the shape of a luxury. Nevertheless his work is in some houses here, particularly those of the family Rougemont—both original pieces and restorations—the latter, perhaps, the more severe test of his powers; but they hold their place worthily, and require a most practised eye to distinguish them from the pieces they are in contact with. At the present moment he is engaged (aided by his nephew) on a work for the Emperor Nicholas, well worthy its destination. I am not aware that he has ever executed anything for England; but I should be sorry that any lover of this art should pass through this town and remain ignorant of his existence; or, in his enthusiasm for the beauties of Nature, overlook so much genuine Art as is hidden here. His atelier is in the Aargible, in this town.

Sir, I have the honour to be, with much respect,

DECORATION BY ENGLISH ARTISTS.

SIR,—The decoration of the ball-room of Sir Isaac Goldsmid's villa in the Regent's-park is so nearly completed as to convey an idea of the effect of the *ensemble*; and I think you and all persons of taste will agree in regarding it as a triumph of English Decorative Art. Rich without heaviness, sprightly without gairishness, its light and elegant effect is far preferable to the gaudy magnificence that characterizes the French style of decoration, and the crude and gaudy formality of the German; in short, it is at once chaste and splendid, and is a beautiful example of the application of the Italian (*cinque cento*) style to an English villa.

In alluding, a few months ago, to the large sum that Sir Isaac Goldsmid had appropriated to the decoration of this room, you regretted such an important commission should have been intrusted to an upholsterer, who was also a house-decorator, fearing that the result would be unsatisfactory. Nor were your apprehensions altogether groundless. But Mr. Clare was fortunate in meeting with a decorative artist possessed of talent to conceive as well as ability to execute a great work, and Sir Isaac Goldsmid knew how to appreciate a beautiful design, though by an artist then unknown. Mr. John Goodison, an Englishman, who has formed his taste upon the purest Italian models, and whose execution of ornament is as masterly as that of any of the first foreign decorative painters, is the author of this design, which has been sanctioned by the approval of Mr. Barry, under whose superintendence the work has been carried out; and the artists who have assisted him have been mostly Englishmen: it would have been better, I venture to say, had Englishmen *only* been employed upon it.

This, Sir, is a proof that English artists are able to compete successfully with foreigners in decoration, as well as in the other branches of Art, and I trust the result will show that the taste of our countrymen is more congenial to English feeling, and preference of what is chaste and elegant, than the fondness for cumbrous and florid magnificence which characterises foreign decorators.

In proof of the justness of these commendations, in case you should not yet have seen the room alluded to, which is not quite finished, I beg to add that Mr. John Goodison was one of the three decorative artists whose specimens, sent in to the competition for decorative work for the new Palace of Westminster, were commended by the Royal Commission; and, moreover, he both designed and executed his own specimens; which was not the case with the other two successful competitors; they had employed *foreign artists* to execute, if not design, their specimens.

Yours respectfully,

Kensington. A LOVER OF ENGLISH ART.

[We do not often give insertion to auxiliary criticism; but the writer of this letter is a gentleman upon whose judgment and integrity we may rely; and few have had better opportunities of forming correct opinions upon the subject of which he writes.]

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE EXHIBITION IN WESTMINSTER HALL.—Probably, on the day that our Journal is in the hands of the public, this Exhibition will be opened. We are precluded from the possibility of describing it in detail; any remark would be at best loose and unsatisfactory; and we, therefore, consider it better to postpone all notice of the event for a month: we shall, at all events, have time and opportunity to do the subject full justice, and to give to it the careful thought and consideration it so eminently deserves.

THE STATUE ON THE ARCH is to be removed: that is decided, although, very properly, Lord Morpeth postpones its removal until another site has been selected and a pedestal prepared. We believe this statement will give very general satisfaction. The artist has been requested to prepare a pedestal; a site has not been found; but, as soon as the pedestal is completed, the Government will see the removal effected. Further, her Majesty has signified her pleasure that, when the House shall be pleased to vote the sum necessary for the completion of the arch, any decorations which may still have to be added should be illustrative of the achievements of the Duke of Wellington, and should be such as may serve to mark the sense which the country entertains of his exploits and his deserts.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCULPTURE ROOM.—It is understood that arrangements are in progress for removing the reproach to which we have so long been subjected, of thrusting British Sculptures into a gloomy cellar as a place for their exhibition. This is another "good move" on the part of the Royal Academy: at least we hope and think the "reform" comes from that body; and trust that others equally desirable will follow.

THE WORKS OF MULREADY.—The Society of Arts have issued a prospectus of their plan for commencing a series of annual exhibitions of the works of living British artists, by collecting, next year, those of William Mulready, R.A. It is a good beginning. Mr. Mulready seldom produces more than one picture in a year—"the lion's cub;" to form a right estimate of his genius is, therefore, not easy; to bring together a number of his productions will be a great boon to Art, and a source of exceeding enjoyment to the public. Already the Society announce no fewer than twenty paintings by this admirable and popular master—one of the leading ornaments of the British school.

SIR JOHN RENNIE, as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, gave a *conversazione* early in the past month; it was attended by above eight hundred noblemen and gentlemen—men of rank and men of science, art, and letters. These modern innovations upon old restrictive customs are cheering and salutary indications of the enlightened aspect of the age; those are the best "levellers" who elevate one class without depressing another; who honour genius, talent, and utility in men of humble stations, and tender to them the homage hitherto paid, almost exclusively in this country, to rank and wealth. If Sir John Rennie has achieved distinction, mainly by his own abilities, the Marquis of Northampton was born to it; both, however, have given examples that may be followed with immense advantage to many, and without loss to any.

THE £1000 PRIZE.—The prize of £1000 for the picture of 'The Baptism of Christ in the Jordan' has been awarded to Mr. John Wood; at present we limit our observations to a bare announcement of the fact: we shall no doubt be called upon to comment on the transaction—involving, as it does, many important considerations.

STATUE OF FLAXMAN.—We several months ago announced Mr. M. L. Watson's work in progress, of a statue of the great British sculptor; and the subscription for its execution in marble. An appeal is about to be again made to the public, and to the admirers of Flaxman's genius more especially, inasmuch as the amount at present "in hand" falls lamentably short of the sum required. It is humiliating to know that a difficulty exists in the performance of a sacred duty; the fame of Flaxman is European; let us fear rather than hope that foreign nations may have the largest share in the glory of thus commemorating the greatest artist of the age.

THE NELSON MONUMENT.—On the vote of £2000 towards defraying the expense of completing this interminable work being taken in the House of Commons, Lord Morpeth acknowledged that he was afraid the sum then asked for would not finish the monument, as it would only complete £10,000 out of £12,000 estimated to be necessary for that purpose. Indeed, if the original design were carried out, the expense would be £16,000 or £17,000. Meanwhile the unsightly boarding is kept up about the base of the pillar—a grievous record of our want of patriotism, gratitude, and common sense.

COUNT D'ORSAY'S PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.—An equestrian portrait of her Majesty, the work of this accomplished amateur, has been shown at the Gallery of Mr. Griffiths in Pall-mall—previous to its being consigned to the hands of an engraver. As the production of an amateur, it is a work of high merit: it is not necessary to go very accurately into details; the figure is gracefully placed on a noble steed, worthy to bear so honourable a burden; the likeness, if not striking, is agreeable; in the composition there is much spirit; the execution is fine—in many respects exhibiting the power of a skilful master. The engraved copy will be a desirable acquisition to thousands, and a valuable addition to the many portraits that exist of our Sovereign Lady the Queen.

ART-EXHIBITION AT RICHMOND.—The Richmond Literary Society held their first literary meeting on the 29th of May last, under the superintendence of William Chapman, Esq., one of their vice-presidents; and the rooms of the Institution were crowded. Through the instrumentality of Mr. Darnhill, whose indefatigable exertions relating to Art in this town are greatly to be commended, a numerous collection of paintings, water-colour and chalk drawings, prints, and articles of *ceetu*, were exhibited, including many productions from the pencils of Gilbert, Cotman, Crouch, Kearney, G. S. Shepherd, Frost, W. Oliver, Charles Weigall, Herbert, Varley, W. P. Smith, and Alfpenny (whose beautiful sketches of the scenery of Richmond are well known). The oil paintings were fine specimens of Boddington, Bufield, Colket, Hilditch, O'Connor, Stanfield, and others, lent for the occasion by Sir Thomas Reeve, W. Cohen, Esq., W. Pradin, Esq., Captain Alexander, the Secretary, Mr. O. Stone, and Messrs. Ellis, Hopwood, George

Cain, Hilditch, Baker, Selle, and other friends to the Institution. Mr. Darnhill read an interesting paper on the works of Wilkie, which was ably responded to by Mr. Alfpenny; and the evening's entertainment concluded with the performance of a selection of vocal and instrumental music, under the direction of Mr. W. Christian Selle, aided by Mr. Willey, Miss D. Ernst (of the Royal Academy of Music), and Miss Allen. The exhibition of paintings, drawings, and prints continued open for three days after the *conversazione*, and was numerously attended by the inhabitants of the town; and it is hoped that the efforts of Mr. Darnhill will be directed to the establishment of a School of Art for this interesting locality.

HANOVER GALLERIES.—Sir G. Hayter's picture of 'The Christening of the Prince of Wales' (which Mr. Greatbach is engraving) is now on view, with several others, at the above rooms, in George-street, Hanover-square. Mr. H. Meeson, the proprietor, has it in contemplation to open his gallery for the sale, on commission, of pictures by modern artists. Such an establishment has long been wanted, and, if conducted liberally, it must prove of essential service to many artists, who, when the ordinary places of exhibition are closed, are unable to bring their productions before the public. Mr. Meeson's experience and judgment will, no doubt, go far to ensure the success of his plans, and promote such a degree of confidence as will induce artists to intrust him with their works.

MODEL OF MODERN JERUSALEM.—The visitor to Mr. Brunetti's 'Ancient Jerusalem' should afterwards inspect Mr. E. Smith's model of the 'Modern City,' which is now open to the public, and forms a most pleasing and interesting exhibition. The former brings before us the Holy City, when it stood as described by the sacred writer, "the joy of the whole earth;" the latter represents it in its present aspect—"builded upon her own heap." Mr. Smith's model has been constructed with the strictest reference to accuracy; and its fidelity is authenticated by many travellers who have visited the spot, and are fully acquainted with its various localities; it is, therefore, well calculated to afford a very correct idea of the form, situation, and principal features of a place whose history is so important and eventful. The effect is much heightened, and the resemblance made more striking, by a judicious and natural introduction of colour.

TRACING-PAPER.—A sample has been sent to us of tracing-paper manufactured by Mr. Stannard, of Warwick-court, Holborn. It has great thickness, which does not impair its transparency, and is said to be free from any shrinking when used for lithographic purposes. We mention it for the information of persons having need of this manufacture, only to call their attention to an examination of it, which cannot fail to be appreciated, if warranted by the qualities it appears to possess.

DAGUERREOTYPE PORTRAITURE, &c.—We have had an opportunity of inspecting, at the rooms of Messrs. Cooke, 44, Regent-street, some daguerreotype results more curiously perfect than any we have yet seen. We may particularize landscape subjects, which have been so instantaneously executed that the animals are represented in motion. The portraits by these gentlemen are not less beautiful, but especially those which are uncoloured; the results of the experiments in colour, as compared with plain portraits, tend to show the fallacy of attempting to colour these miniatures.

PICTURES BY MURILLO.—An exhibition has been opened in Regent-street, and since transferred to No. 302, Strand, of seven pictures, under the name of the great painter of Seville. Four of them form a series of mythological subjects, representing various actions of the Heathen Divinities; the other three are small religious allegories. The attribution of these works to Murillo is altogether a mistake; and a stronger term would be deservedly applied if the transaction were coupled with any offer of sale. They are said to be the property of a country gentleman, who is desirous of ascertaining the opinions of the critics and connoisseurs of the Metropolis. As specimens of Art they are of a very low class, of the Italian school, painted with a coarse imitation of the manner of Caravaggio. The three religious subjects bear the stamp of being feeble imitations of better works by very unpractised hands.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

SINCE our last publication, the following pictures have been selected by the prize-holders in this Society up to the 22nd of June:—

£	s.	
150	0	'Meeting-room of Brewers' Corporation, Antwerp,' L. Haes, N.W.C.S.
130	0	'Mid-day Retreat,' W. F. Witherington, R.A.
80	0	'Fishing Boat off Boulogne,' A. Clint, S.B.A.
120	0	'Harlech Castle, North Wales,' J. Wilson, S.B.A.
80	0	'John Anderson my Joe, John,' T. Clater, S.B.A.
60	0	'Sybilla A'Felatine of Meta, in the Serruntine Peninsular,' F. Y. Hurlestone, S.B.A.
150	0	'The Mountain Piquet,' F. Y. Hurlestone, S.B.A.
68	5	'View of Florence—Evening Effect,' C. Bentley, R.A.
60	0	'Dover,' H. Lancaster, S.B.A.
60	0	'Girls at Prayers,' C. W. Cope, R.A.
80	0	'On the Thames, near Mortlake,' S. R. Percy, S.B.A.
65	0	'Scenes near Appledore,' W. Shayer, S.B.A.
52	10	'View of Snowdon,' C. Fielding, S.W.C.
60	0	'The Cottage under the Hill,' F. R. Lee, R.A., B.I.
63	0	'The Cottage Door,' T. Clater, S.B.A.
60	0	'Summer at Lane, in North Wales,' H. J. Boddington, S.B.A.
42	0	'Sunset, Composition,' J. Tennant, S.B.A.
47	5	'The Farm Scene,' W. Shayer, B.I.
40	0	'Market Day at Settle,' W. G. Herdman, R.A.
40	0	'Broadford Mills, Kent,' A. W. Williams, R.A.
50	0	'Yorkshire Dale Scenery,' J. Peel, R.A.
50	0	'Eton,' A. Montague, S.B.A.
40	0	'Llanberis, North Wales,' W. Sellon, N.W.C.S.
60	0	'Windsor,' A. Montague, S.B.A.
40	0	'A Welsh Girl and Child,' C. Stonehouse, R.A.
60	0	'The Final Struggle,' J. Bateman, R.A.
40	0	'The Back Stream,' A. Montague, S.B.A.
40	0	'On the French Coast,' H. Lancaster, S.B.A.
42	0	'Scene from Whitchurch, on the Wye,' J. Tennant, S.B.A.
31	10	'The Orphan's Prayer,' T. Clater, R.A.
30	0	'Distant View of Sittingbourne,' J. Fahey, N.W.C.S.
40	0	'Going to Pasture,' G. A. Williams, S.B.A.
29	8	'Culver Cliff, Bembridge,' C. Fielding, S.W.C.
36	15	'A Rustic with Cow,' W. Shayer, S.B.A.
30	0	'A Woodland Scene,' H. Jutsum, R.A.
35	0	'A Mill near Bettwys-y-coed, North Wales,' H. J. Boddington, S.B.A.
30	0	'A Mill near Bera Castle, on the Moselle,' C. Dean, R.A.
31	10	'Windsor Castle,' R. H. Hilditch, R.A.
25	0	'Haddon,' J. Chase N.W.C.S.
30	0	'Cleasure Returning,' H. Mapleston, N.W.C.S.
200	0	'Morning after the Battle of Hastings,' A. J. Woolmer, S.B.A.
25	0	'A Scene on the Northumberland Coast,' J. H. Mole, N.W.C.S.
25	0	'A Distant View of Flamborough Head,' B. Watson, R.A.
26	5	'Lace Makers, Caen,' J. J. Jenkins, N.W.C.S.
26	5	'The Worm's Head,' E. Duncan, N.W.C.S.
25	0	'An Alehouse Kitchen,' H. W. Pearsall, R.A.
25	0	'A View in Kent—Midday,' G. A. Williams, R.A.
20	0	'Fisherman's Home,' F. J. Wyburd, R.A.
20	0	'A Venetian Love-token—Carnival Time,' W. Maddox, S.B.A.
20	0	'The Brook,' C. Dukes, R.A.
20	0	'The Sick Child,' C. Compton, R.A.
40	0	'Dr. Rocheliffe, &c.,' W. H. Hunt, R.A.
28	0	'Temple of Vesta,' C. Vacher, N.W.C.S.
30	0	'Tintern Abbey,' F. Watts, B.I.
20	0	'Scene in Devon,' G. B. Willcocks, S.B.A.
30	0	'A Lock on the Medway,' H. J. Boddington, S.B.A.
25	4	'The Lady Chapel, Wells Cathedral,' S. G. Tovey, S.B.A.
14	14	'View from Bow Hill, Sussex,' C. Fielding, W.C.S.
15	0	'Landscape, with Cottages,' R. Hilder, R.A.
15	0	'Scene at the Hague,' W. N. Hardwick, N.W.C.S.
15	0	'Banks of the Thames,' A. Vickers, R.A.
15	0	'River Teith, Trossacks,' J. C. Ward, S.B.A.
50	0	'Comforting the Sick,' E. Prentice, S.B.A.
15	15	'Hush the Babe,' J. S. Egerton, N.W.C.S.
30	0	'Pity the Sorrows,' &c., C. Rosenburg, S.B.A.
14	0	'Evening,' H. Mapleston, N.W.C.S.
15	15	'Interior of Conway Castle,' A. Fripp, S.W.C.
15	0	'A Fountain Head—Chippenham,' A. Provis, R.A.
15	0	'Returning Home,' G. H. Laporte, N.W.C.S.
15	0	'Broadstairs, Coast of Kent,' W. A. Knell, B.I.
18	18	'The Primrose Gatherer,' O. Oakley, S.W.C.
15	15	'The River Colne, Watford,' G. Fripp, S.W.C.
26	5	'La Biondina in Gondoletta,' M. C. Vacher, N.W.S.C.
10	10	'Tewkesbury Abbey,' T. S. Boys, N.W.S.C.
12	0	'On the Coast, Boulogne,' H. Lancaster, S.B.A.
10	10	'On the Coast of Scotland,' C. Bentley, W.C.S.
10	0	'Le Jardin Anglais à Fontainebleau,' J. D. Wingfield, B.I.
10	10	'Christmas Presents,' Campion, N.W.C.S.
10	0	'A Lock on the Thames,' G. A. Williams, R.A.
10	0	'The Auld Kirkyard,' A. Montague, S.B.A.
9	9	'View of Bolton Abbey,' C. Fielding, S.B.A.
10	10	'Fishing Boats preparing for Sea,' C. Bentley, W.C.S.
10	0	'Alloa, on the Frith,' J. Wilson, S.B.A.
10	0	'An Incident in Asiatic Turkey,' H. J. Johnson, S.B.A.

REVIEWS.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF OIL PAINTING. By C. L. EASTLAKE, R.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., Secretary to the Royal Commission for Promoting the Fine Arts, &c. LONGMAN and Co.

The important work just issued from the press by its accomplished author is another proof of the indomitable love of the art which is characteristic of its most able professors. Nothing else could have induced so indefatigable and extensive a research amid a mass of disjointed and dispersed documentary evidence. The purport of this laborious undertaking was to promote the object of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts; the author considered that such an inquiry, if desirable on general grounds, must be especially so at a time when the best efforts of our artists are required for the permanent decoration of a national edifice.

The causes of that durability for which the earlier examples of the art are remarkable, become of paramount consequence to be investigated and practised: when the Government of Great Britain, for the first time, publicly recognises a school of Art, and appropriates a sum of money from the public revenue for the purchase of its productions. That the pictorial works acquired for the nation to embellish the greatest architectural structure of the age should be invested with all the elements of permanency is an indisputable axiom: nothing should be left to experiment. We owe it to our descendants that, in after ages, when the Palace of Westminster has become "an antiquity," the works of Art with which we are about to adorn it should be contemplated by them with the satisfaction their appearance displays to the existing generation. The present enlarged knowledge of chemistry, and the experience of three centuries passed since painting burst into full glory among the civilized nations of Continental Europe, give us advantages the early masters could never enjoy. Our epoch will be tainted, our school of Art disgraced, and the national intelligence impugned, if posterity should have to lament the ruined, faded, decayed, and unintelligible decorations of the Pictorial Art of the nineteenth century in the interior of the Legislative Palace; while its external aspect remained redolent of the sculptor's chisel in its pristine beauty.

It is precisely at the present time that Mr. Eastlake's book comes forth as a great gift to all living artists. He has sacrificed time and repose, and encountered an immensity of labour, for his brethren in Art. He has pointed out the means by which they may belong to the history of the age. If some are still found to victimize their reputations and their works by fanciful nostrums and ignorant combinations of discordant agents, to such the existence of this book will attach a stigma richly merited and well placed. The author says, "He trusts that details relating to the careful processes which were familiar in the best ages of painting will not lead the inexperienced to mistake the means for the end, but only teach them not to disdain even the mechanical operations which have contributed to confer durability on the productions of the greatest masters."

The book is purely technical, and, although of utility only to the practitioner, yet it embodies a large fund of interesting relation to every lover of the Art, as well as to the antiquary. It is divided into chapters, and, after some remarks on the probabilities of the lost Arts of the Ancients, continues with an inquiry into the early practice of Oil Painting. For several of the details concerning this portion of the work, our national records have furnished many hitherto unpublished and curious facts, which the author had the advantage of extracting from the identical documents, through the support given by the Commissioners on the Fine Arts to his application, for the permission, to the authorities of the Record Office. In due succession follows a scrupulous investigation of all the earlier methods in use during the fourteenth century, either of the practice of working in oil, fresco, or wax. The 'Trattato del Pittura" of Cennini, which was completed by the writer when in the debtors' prison at Florence in 1437, furnished details of the highest interest, and amply elucidate the indefatigable pains undergone in the preliminary preparations by the early practitioners to ensure success and durability. A Venetian MS. in the British Museum, the treatise of the Monk Theophilus called "Diversarum Artium Schedula," a Venetian MS. in the British Museum,

a Byzantine MS. edited by MM. Didron and Durand, "Vasari's Lives of the Painters," and a MS. in the possession of Sir T. Phillips, Bart. (the "Mappæ Clavicula), have been carefully ransacked for the cream of their contents.

The history of the practice of the art is continued down to the foundation of the English school, and concludes with extracts from the valuable series of notes made by Sir Joshua Reynolds (in Mr. Eastlake's possession). In using the term valuable, we do so in the sense that the ever-changing methods, uncertainty of manner, and, we may add, unacquaintance with the chemical influences of his pigments and varying media, are valuable only as a beacon to warn his successors against the fatal consequences which have ensued from them, causing the premature and mortifying decay of so many of the pictures subjected to these capricious variations of artistic construction.

With the instructive volume now published by the accomplished Secretary to the Royal Commission for Promoting the Fine Arts; the early works of Cennini, translated by Mrs. Merrifield, and the still earlier treatise of the Monk Theophilus, recently translated by Mr. Hendrie (which we shall pass under review next month), our artists are in a position to avail themselves of all the knowledge so laboriously attained by their predecessors. To these will shortly be added an important MS. in the British Museum, entitled, "Pictoria, Sculptura, Tinctoria, et quæ subalternarum Artium, spectantiá in Lingua Latina, Gallica, Italica, Germanica conscripta, a Petro Paulo Rubens, Vandyke, Somers, Greenberry, Jansen, &c., fol. xix. A.D. 1620. T. de Mayerne."

Many extracts from this very important MS. are introduced into Mr. Eastlake's book; it will be translated by Mr. Hendrie, and published in an entire form, by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.

Notwithstanding the mass of information, founded on long experience, and the unceasing investigations of so many practical men, still it appears to us that a chasm exists, which endangers the permanence of the English School of Painting—it is, that all the modes successfully practised by painters, studied by chemists, and developed by writers, have not hitherto been considered with reference to the climate of England. A communication from Mr. Winsor to Mr. Eastlake adverts to the changes that ensue in this country on the whites of Italian pictures which have remained in that clime, but blackened shortly after their introduction here. Mr. Winsor adds, that the prevalence and general diffusion of sulphuretted hydrogen in our large cities is the chief agent of the changes, assisted by the penetrating influence of our humid climate, which cannot by any known means be with certainty guarded against.

That the Palace of Westminster—built on the margin of the river, thrust forward almost into the stream—may be subjected to these destructive agencies, it seems reasonable to infer. With the astounding advances and discoveries of chemical science during the last few years, when we possess the Chemistry of Food, the Chemistry of Manures, and the Chemistry of Agriculture, expounded by the most learned professors, may we not hope to see a Faraday or a Brande devote their vast learning in the first of sciences, and secure to immortality the emanations of the genius of their countrymen in Painting, by the Chemistry of the Fine Arts?

Mr. Eastlake has very properly inscribed his work to Sir Robert Peel, Bart., as a testimony of his gratitude and respect.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. By T. GRAY. Illustrated by the Etching Club. Published for the Etching Club by J. CUNDALL, 12, Old Bond-street.

Such is the title of this long-expected work, which arrests attention even at the title-page, that, with an epicurean fastidiousness worthy of Gray, is of India paper—the name "T. Gray" being an autograph fac-simile, and occupying the centre of the page. It is now some time since the Club have sent forth any results of their labours; the appearance, however, of this very beautiful work sufficiently accounts for the delay, and explains the purpose of the Club as of a higher aim than that by which they have been hitherto actuated—that is, a combination of power in the production of one great and correlative whole; and, assuredly, their exertions thus acquire a double ratio of value, for between a collection of diverse and desultory subjective and the entirety of a work like this, any comparison must tell to the superior importance of the latter. We observe, by the way, some change in the list of members of the Club; or, it may be, the illustrators of the "Elegy" do not compose the entire Club—being T. Creswick, A.R.A., C. Stonhouse, R. Redgrave, A.R.A., H. J. Townsend, C. W. Cope, A.R.A., Frederick Tayler, John Bell, and John C. Horsley.

The subjects, which are all in the vignette manner, are twenty-eight in number; and the volume, which is superbly bound, is dedicated to her Majesty. To say that this work is successful is not enough—it reaches everywhere, even the καλον of the compounded epithet—the sweetness of the polished verse of the "Elegy." It is a curious anomaly that the poetical spirit is met very frequently more felicitously in a production of the unfinished character of an etching than in the most elaborate painting. In that epithet alone to which we allude, a careful study of the Greek poets is more conspicuous than in any other even more epic composition in our language. Pope has never been so successful; and had the very fastidious Gray been told that his exquisitely sweet Vision of Stoke Pogis were more imitable in the least, than in the most, finished departments of Art, it may well be conceived that he would not have received the communication very complacently. But so it is: we have not yet seen a successful picture from the "Elegy"; but we do find the sentiment in these sketches which fall short of the finish by which pictures are too often debilitated. The subject of the first composition of this charming series is, of course, 'The Curfew,' &c. It is by Creswick, and consists of as little as could be given to it. The foreground is a road, with a little water, an old tree, the half having perished, while the other half is green and flourishing. "The lowing herd" pass along the road, and the church is seen among trees at a little distance. The thin crescent of the moon appears in a clouded and watery sky. There is no kind of elaboration, no forcing of detail; but yet the whole looks like a veritable locality.

On the second plate two subjects appear.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight," &c.

This subject is by C. Stonhouse, who has with much success given uniform breadth to the land and sky, broken by the heavier objective of the former, and the incidental lights in the latter, and in the water which appears in the foreground. On the following verse and its illustration, we have a remark or two to offer. One is of its inconsistency, and which we are not aware has before been made.

"Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower," &c.

This little vignette is by Creswick. It presents the tower surrounded by trees, and seen in distance across water The scene is presided over by the rising moon, which is here full, whereas in the first verse she is but a thin crescent; and yet the time of both descriptions is the same. In the last line of the first verse the poet says the world is "left to darkness;" but, nevertheless, at the same time makes the owl utter her complaint to the moon. This is an inadvertency which Gray's extraordinary nicety never would have suffered to remain, had he observed it. The simultaneous full moon and the crescent of the artist had not been open to remark had they been by different hands and appeared in different series.

The next is a charming etching, also by Creswick: it is the churchyard studded *passim* with the lowly grave-mounds of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet." The time is taken in accordance with the verse—

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn," &c.

Thus the time is early morning, and the descending crescent of the paling moon is about to be quenched in the light of the horizon. The elms and the yew are not forgotten; and the modest church rises at the extremity of the churchyard. The sentiment of this etching is inimitably sustained. The fourth plate presents two subjects: the first, by Redgrave, showing an interior, with the expecting housewife at the door, with one hand on the cradle, and looking anxiously for her returning husband. The etching is remarkably clean, and in treatment carries out the spirit of the lines to their full implication. The second is by Townsend. This is also a literal rendering. The "sire" at the threshold of his dwelling is surrounded by his children claiming the accustomed caress. On the fifth plate are also two compositions—the first by Cope, the second by Creswick. That by the former, a broad and spirited etching, is 'The Harvest Field.'

"Oft did the harvest," &c.

Two or three figures appear in the foreground binding the sheaves, while others at a little distance are seen reaping. The seventh plate affords only one subject—a composition larger than any of the preceding; it is by Frederick Tayler, and derived from the line:—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The scene is a battle-field; the time, marked by the costume, being the seventeenth century, The dead and dying lie thick upon the ground, and soldiers are carrying to the rear one of their officers who has been, we may presume, mortally wounded; in the back is seen a charge of cavalry; the whole being wrought into a beautiful and highly-effective composition. The first etching on the eighth plate is by Redgrave, admirably realized from the lines—

"Can storied urn," &c.

The composition presents the ceremony of the lying in state of the corpse of a royal personage—pages are seated by the coffin in a darkened chamber lighted by tapers, and a herald proclaims the state and style of the deceased. Of this we may say, that it is wrought up with as much care as the most elaborate engraving. The second of the ninth plate is by Townsend; the subject—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene," &c.—

is made out by a composition in which is a shepherdess, surrounded by her flock; she is the "flower"; and, in allusion to the second line, we have on the right a glimpse of the ocean. The whole of the objective is made out with infinite nicety. The tenth plate occupies the entire page; it is by Cope, and represents the "village Hampden" withstanding the "little tyrant" of his fields. Two or three figures are represented upholding a gate against a field of sportsmen with all their accompaniment of dogs and followers. The object is to force a passage through the grounds of the farmer, who resists the intrusion with all his power. In the eleventh plate there are two etchings: the upper, by Bell, is simply 'An Angel weeping.'

We are compelled to break off here our notice of this beautiful and very interesting work, which we shall probably resume in our next.

AN ESSAY ON PERSPECTIVE, WITH NOTES. By F. B. RIBBANS, F.S.A. Published by R. GROOMBRIDGE, Paternoster-row.

This is the brief essay of a writer who thinks rationally and clearly on a subject which we find continually treated with much complex absurdity. "He is convinced, from long experience, that the judicious teacher can do more good in a short time with the black board and oral instruction than could be accomplished by volumes of long and laboured directions." The truth of this we have endeavoured to uphold in noticing every treatise on perspective that has ever come before us. He recommends the cube as the best figure for practice. This is simple and judicious: by composition with two or three cubes of sufficient size, a student of perspective might acquire such information as would facilitate the solution of every future difficulty. In the essay itself the author lays down no series of precepts for the acquirement of a knowledge of perspective, but, in the notes at the end of his essay, he falls into a pithy course of instruction, which is valuable on account of its terse brevity. "If an object," he says, "within a room be exposed to two lights at unequal distances, there will be two shadows from objects, of different degrees of intensity. The shadow occasioned by the nearer light will be the darker. Shadows occasioned by the sun have defined edges, but shadows within a room will be penumbra." All this is sufficiently clear; but how frequently do we see those natural truths outraged by men of experience, and even of observation! This little essay and its notes contain much valuable matter in a small compass.

THE FAIR STUDENT.

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